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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE: BY E. T. REED

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT WOULD LOOK LIKE IF "LARGE-HEARTED LANSBURY'S" HEART WERE A LITTLE LARGER STILL

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Visit of T.M. KING AND QUEEN.
THE REGATTA OF ALL TIME.

The Grounds of the GROSVENOR CLUB (by kind permission of W. D. Mackenzie, Esq., Fawley Court) will be, for the first time, open to the public. The Grounds afford the best view of the course and the Royal Procession.
Full particulars of Mr. J. E. ALLNATT, Sindlesham, Wokingham.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster:
Which I with PEN will open"

—PISTOL (*modified*)

What the Public Wants

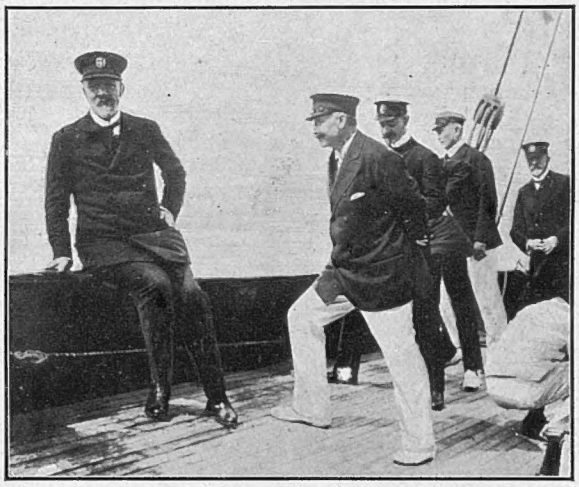
THE news that the Government propose to appeal to the country on a gigantic land and housing policy should bring a certain weary joy to our sad Opposition countenances. Agree as one may with the need for the reforms in question, there is not the shadow of doubt that what the country wants is a good long rest from more refreshment, however rare. The Ministerial basket is too plentifully stocked with a fruit the taste of which notoriously takes long to acquire—I allude, of course, to the Medlar.

***

To Lick or Not to Lick?

AS to the question to lick or not to lick (Insurance stamps), the choice seems to be one of Duchesses. Bidding me to lick is her Grace of Marlborough, bidding me not to is her Grace of Somerset, and behind each duchess is a splendid array of goodly names. So distracted, what is the mere commoner to do? Which of the two sides is likely to be the stayer? A year hence, will the Act be a living or a dead letter? Calm contemplation leads me to fear that the law, bad as it is, will prove the stronger. As I like to be always on the winning side, I doff my hat to the Duchess of Marlborough, and shall stick the stamps. But let Mr. George not delude himself that his detestable gum will weight my tongue and cause it to wag any the less freely against him and his iniquities. I am convinced that, whatever the ultimate benefits of State Insurance, the enlistment of the employer as a tax-gatherer in his own household is an infringement of the liberty of the subject, and one which is more likely to bring about the social revolution than anything that may come from Mr. Tillett or Mr. Keir Hardie. The middle-class wanted powder, and by George, it has got it!

The Imperial Chancellor



The Kaiser

"You'd better look out, Bethmann; that seat of yours doesn't look very safe"

(Overheard on the yacht "Meteor" by "The Bystander's" invisible representative at Kiel)

***

The New Political Humourist

I SUPPOSE Mr. C. F. G. Masterman has, at last, the reputation of being a humorist. It may encourage those who object to being tax-gatherers in their own homes to know that they may, if they like, pay the whole sixpence a week for their servants! They can, if they like, pay instead of collect the taxes. Thank you, Mr. Masterman. If we don't like Scylla, there's always Charybdis! I hope the electors of South West Ham will show, at the next election, how deeply they appreciate the humour of their Member.

***

The Anglophile Prince

IT has always been an open secret in Germany that the Crown Prince is a mad admirer of English manners and customs, and many of us, in consequence, found difficulty in believing his famous demonstration in the gallery of the Reichstag to have been anything else than a new way of showing to public advantage his excellent princely figure. The Crown Prince has just given a new proof that he is by no means the truculent Anglophobe he has been made to appear, for in his interesting book, "From My Hunting Diary," there is an account of country-house life in England that should make the staff and readers of that chauvinistic organ, *Die Post*, positively burst with a desire to invade us at once.

***

Heredity Influence

AS regards his experiences in India, the Crown Prince is no less interesting—and self-revelatory. One passage in particular is delightful. "But one thing I know; *I*, to whom the maxim of my great ancestor, 'in my State each can seek salvation in his own fashion,' is as if spoken from my innermost soul, have never felt myself nearer to God than when—with rifle over my knees—I sat in the golden dawn of the lonely hilltops or in the penetrating stillness of the evening forest." This reads like "following in father's footsteps" with a vengeance. One wonders vaguely how far the parenthesis was necessary to the feeling. In any case it must be gratifying to the military authorities that the Heir-Apparent has returned from the East untainted by the emasculated humanitarianism and vegetarianism of the Buddhists.

Politics at Home and Abroad

Mr. E. T. Reed and "The Bystander"

I PUBLISH this week the first of a series of political cartoons which will be contributed to THE BYSTANDER by Mr. E. T. Reed. Readers will, I am sure, welcome the innovation as cordially as we do ourselves, as without Mr. Reed's distinctive humour (shown to special advantage in the cartoons published this week) English politics would be dull indeed.

***

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION ANGLICISED

ENGLISH people, who have always rejoiced in American Presidential elections as straight fights between the chosen strong men of two rival parties, are getting rather disillusioned over this year's affair. Each party appears to be producing strong men in such numbers that our sympathies are unnaturally neutral — that is, those of us who are following the contest at all. Those who are not, complain that it is impossible to get the hang of the situation, and as one or two of these have written to me for explanations, perhaps the best thing to do will be to imagine the election to be taking place in England this year.

***

ASQUITH and Bonar Law are the recognised leaders of the two parties, and a straight fight is expected between them. Mr. Lloyd George, who for some time past has been Lime-housing vigorously, suddenly calls Mr. Asquith a fraud, a flunkey, and a creature of the bosses, says that his hat is in the ring, that he is going to fight Asquith and beat him to whatever is the Welsh for a "frazzle." When the National Liberal Federation meets at Manchester there are frantic scenes. Mr. George, defeated, "bolts" the Convention. A long account of the whole thing appears in the *Daily Express*, whose reporter at the Liberal Convention was Mr. Arthur James Balfour.

***

NEXT week at Liverpool, the Conservatives meet to decide definitely on who shall be their leader, and what his programme. Mr. Balfour attends the meeting, calls Mr. Law a champion of the moneyed interests, and says he will fight him. As well as Mr. Law, there offer themselves for election Mr. Long, Mr. A. Chamberlain, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Sir Edward Carson. Mr. Law (who has recently announced his intention to annex the United States to Canada) is easily first. Mr. Balfour is, however, so angry that he "bolts" the Convention too. The next scene is in a sylvan glade near Criccieth. Mr. Lloyd George is singing softly to himself as he twangs a Welsh lyre, when his privacy is broken on by the sound of horses' hoofs. "Llanffechgwymp-whelli, Megan!" he exclaims to his daughter. "It's Arthur. Guess he's bolted too." And so he has. For it is Arthur. The defeated leaders fall into each other's arms. A Convention is signed between them pledging them to support each other till death, and to form together a new party called the Progressive-Conservative - Radical - Union. Mr. Balfour will lead it on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Mr. Lloyd George the other days, including Sundays (which Mr. Balfour keeps free from politics). The party "platform" is to be Free Trade, Tariff Reform, Disestablishment, Religion on the Rates, Home Rule, Maintenance of the Union, and any other measures that, on winning the toss, either may decide subsequently to force upon the other and hustle through Parliament. The Convention of the new party meets to endorse the joint leadership. As luck will have it, however, one of the leaders has mysteriously disappeared. So the other (we leave it to our readers to guess who will have managed to get his partner out of the way) is triumphantly elected.

PASSIONS UNDER PERFECT CONTROL

"I trust, Perkins, that you are all justly incensed by the monstrous iniquities of this criminal Insurance Act"

"We har, m' Lady. We are h'absolutely ragin'!"

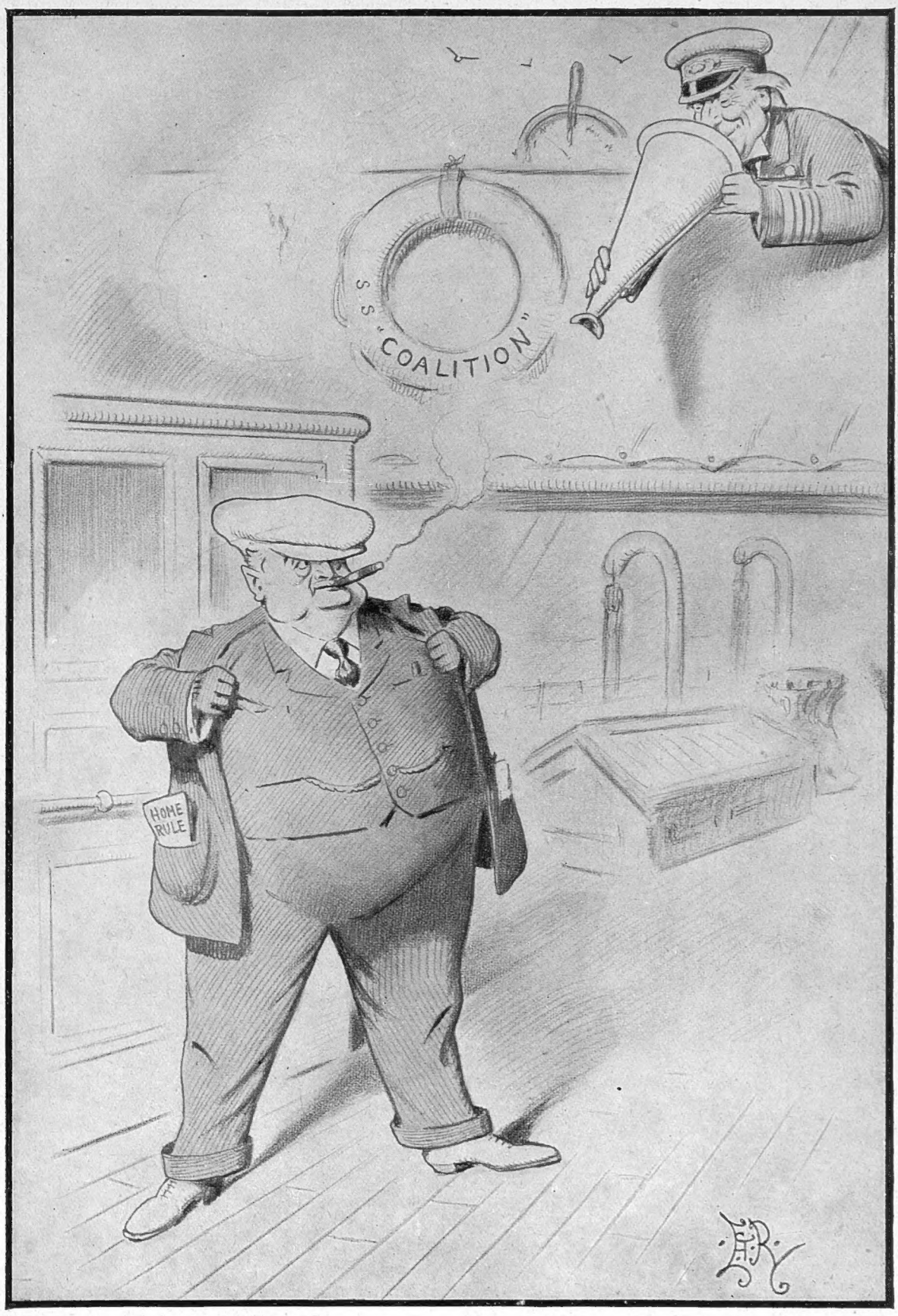
BY E. T. REED

***

Thaw Once Again

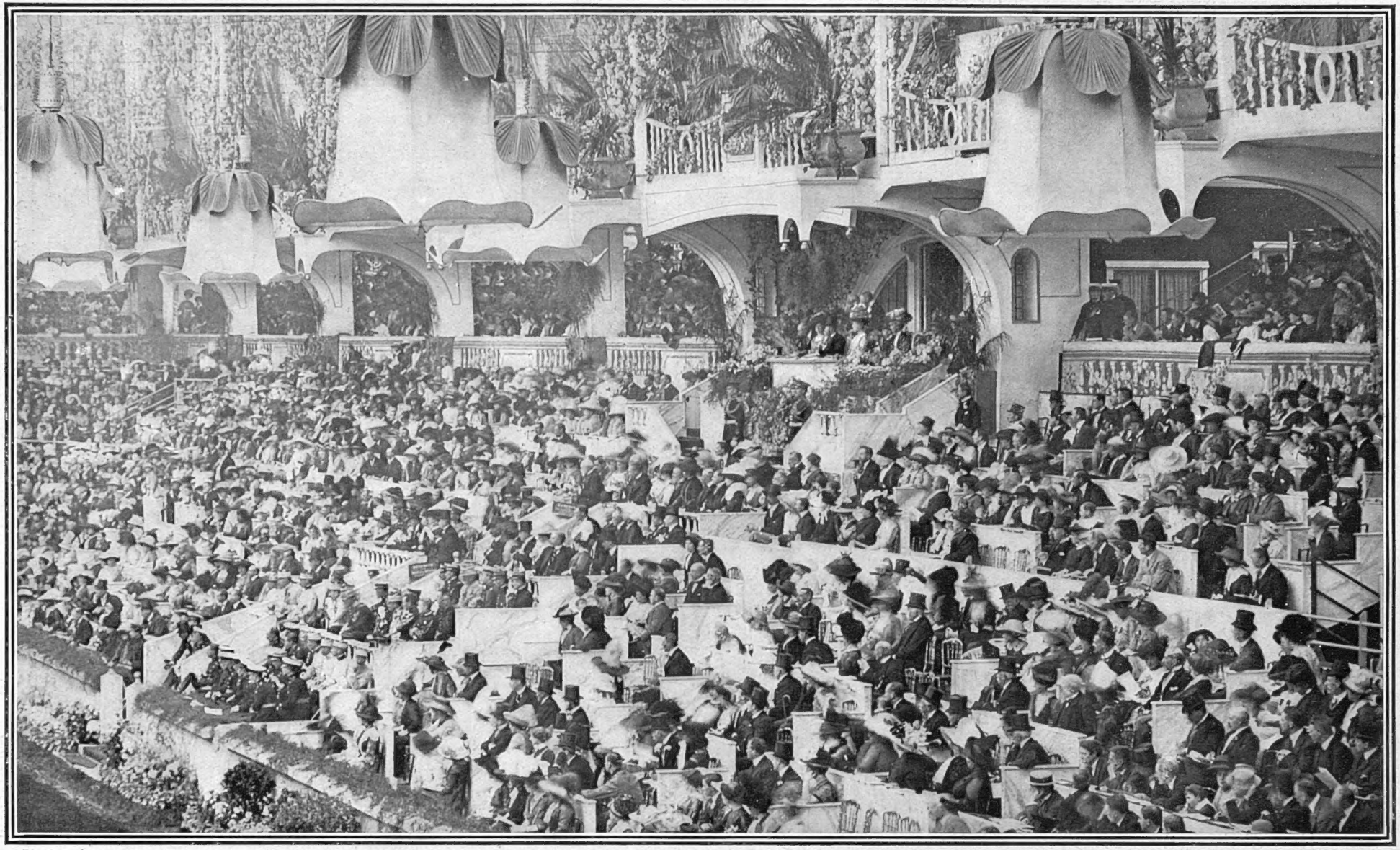
THAT hardy perennial, the Thaw trial, has blossomed again this summer as I suppose it will blossom every summer till the unfortunate young man's money has all been spent. And the remarkable thing about it is that everybody really knows that Thaw is not and never was insane in the proper meaning of the word, just as everybody is pretty confident that he is still, and always has been, feeble-minded. However, if he has to face cross-examination in the American Courts, and stays in a lunatic asylum long enough, he almost certainly will go mad—and then everything will be settled and

The Owner Aboard: By E. T. Reed



"No one can suggest for a moment that the captain did not know full well that the whole responsibility for the navigation of the ship was upon him, and that he had no business to take any orders from anybody else. At the same time, you know, there is a feeling that if a person in the position of Mr. . . . . is on a ship the captain may think it wise to speak to him when he would not speak to another person."—LORD MERSEY AT THE "TITANIC" INQUIRY

Their Majesties at the International Horse Show

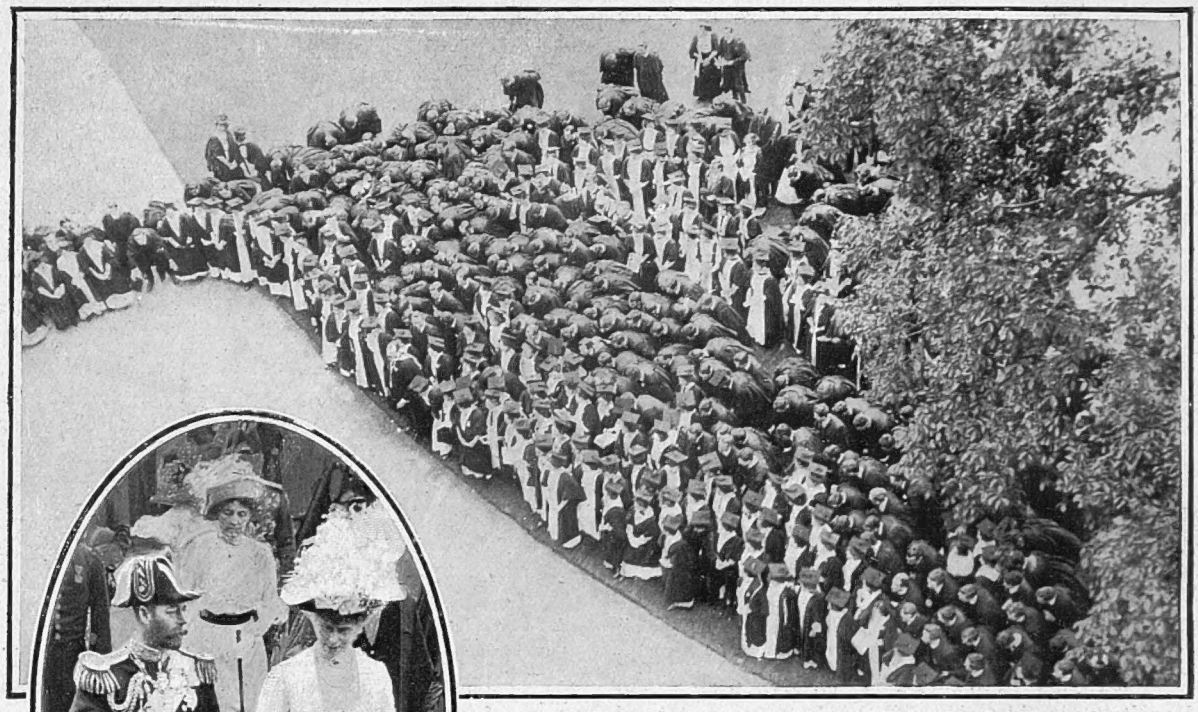


Photograph THE KING AND QUEEN. *H. Nicholls*

This photograph, which was taken at Olympia upon the occasion of their Majesties' visit last week, is so excellent, that readers of "The Bystander" may amuse themselves by discovering their identities

Academic Homage to Royalty

THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CARDIFF



STUDENTS IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE

Note the Oriental attitude discovered in a Welsh crowd by our photographer. What will Mr. Lloyd George say?

THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE COLLEGE PRECINCTS

On Wednesday of last week the King and Queen paid a visit to University College, Cardiff, where the students of both sexes presented quite a picturesque appearance in their caps and gowns. Besides singing the College Song, the students treated their Royal visitors to a "yell," which is said to compare very creditably with anything to be heard in the States. Inset photograph shows their Majesties arriving at the College

Activities Royal and Social

everybody will have made quite a lot of money, which goes to prove that Dr. Pangloss was quite right when he maintained that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

***

A Pretty Masked Ball

THE Venetian Bal Masqué organised by Mrs. Cornwallis-West at Earl's Court on Thursday night was a great success, though a hundred or two more dancers would not have been amiss. Still, it was a pretty sight, and many of the dominoes were quite lovely, which was hardly surprising in view of the elegance of the company. At twelve o'clock a miniature ballet, arranged by the well-known French musical critic, M. Laloy, to some perfectly enchanting music by Couperin, was performed, in which Mdlle. Hugon, of the Théâtre des Arts, greatly distinguished herself. It is a pity that the Masked Ball, with its atmosphere of harmless intrigue and witty repartee, is not better known in London. It would be an excellent tonic for British self-consciousness.

***

Design or Coincidence?

MR. KEIR HARDIE'S "disgraceful letter" on which I commented the other week, does not seem to have appeared so preposterous to Royalty as it did to journalists. For, as a matter of fact, during the Royal visit to Merthyr, Her Majesty the Queen did, consciously or not, follow one of Mr. Hardie's suggestions, visiting a miner's cottage and taking tea there. I hold no brief for Keir Hardie, whom I consider a wrong-headed sentimentalist, but it is ridiculous to pretend that all advice intended for their Majesties' consumption should be dipped in melted butter and coated with sugar. After all, loyalty has never been synonymous with sycophancy.

***

A New Trade

THAT it was time England took to a new trade—the tourist business—was the reflection of more than one bystander at Lord's, at the Horse Show, on the polo-grounds, at Wimbledon, at all the many *plein air* functions of last week, in fact. For, at all, the foreigner, full of money and delighted with this "English sport" *à la garden-party*, simply swarmed, making it obvious that to get him in his thousands where we now get him in his hundreds, should prove a business that even the most radical of Radicals would find difficulty in queering. Most of our London season functions are, to use a dreadful word, unique. Henley, for instance, also the great cricket matches, the Park, Saturday afternoons at Ranelagh, etc., etc. Why not build more hotels, appoint a Tourist Minister, and rake in some of the money that now stays in Paris, in Switzerland, or elsewhere on the Continent?

***

A Wet Wedding

POURING rain and a "perfectly shockin'" blast had a depressing effect on half a dozen functions on one of the busiest days of the busiest week of the season, but inside flower-decked St. Margaret's all was very gay and bright for the wedding of those two fortunate young people, Lord and Lady Clifton. To brave, doubtless, the vagaries of England now that June was there, the bride was suitably garbed, not in chiffon, but in white velvet, while the very fair and youthful bridegroom, son of

Photograph *Nicholls*

THE COACHING CORINTHIAN FROM OLYMPIA TO RANELAGH: AWAITING THE JUDGES' INSPECTION

This consisted of a run last Thursday from Olympia by a long route to Ranelagh, where the drivers, passengers, and judges were entertained to dinner by the Earl of Lonsdale. The judges inspected the teams at Olympia, at Ranelagh, and again after their return from the Club, points being awarded for quality, condition, and appointments. Only amateur drivers and private coaches were allowed to compete, the winner being Mr. W. C. Barron, with Judge Moore second

Two Weddings of the Peerage

LORD CLIFTON AND VISCOUNT DUNCANNON AND THEIR RESPECTIVE BRIDES

Photograph *Central News*

LORD AND LADY CLIFTON

The bridegroom is the eldest son of the Earl of Darnley, and the bride the charming only daughter of the Hon. and Mrs. Alfred Mulholland, of Worlingham Hall, Beccles. In the centre is Master Jack Mulholland, the bride's little brother, who officiated as page. The wedding took place on Tuesday, June 25, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Photograph *Debenham, Longman and Co.*

VISCOUNT DUNCANNON AND HIS BRIDE

Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough, married at the Temple de L'Etoile, Paris, on Tuesday of last week, Mlle. Roberte de Neuflize, only daughter of Baron de Neuflize. The Pastor of the Church officiated alone, and the ceremony was conducted on entirely French lines

Alexandra Day: The Plan and Its Execution

the cricketing Lord Darnley, wore, of course, the braided morning coat and white buttonhole of momentary masculine fashion. Nine bridesmaids, laurel-wreathed and burdened with sweet-pea bouquets, attended the pretty leading lady, the baby ones, as usual, carrying things off with a superb indifference alike to (1) the solemn ceremony, (2) the importance of their positions, and (3) the agonised fussings of mothers and nannas in adjacent pews.

***

Society Charity

I YIELD to none in my admiration for Queen Alexandra, and have often expressed the wish that Her Majesty should take a renewed part in a public life that is none too graced with smiling personality. The idea, too, of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her arrival in England is admirable—also, that roses, in the month of roses, should play their part. But the method of carrying the idea into execution, the stationing of ladies, some of them well-known in Society, at various street corners, and the wholesale pressure upon passers-by to buy bunches of artificial flowers, successful as it has been, is not one we would like to see made permanent. The "cause of charity" does not, in the opinion of the average man, actually gain by these spasmodic efforts of Society personages, and if the hospitals are so constantly in need of more money than is raised for them in the ordinary way, it would be more in keeping with the dignity of national institutions of their importance that a rate should be levied.

OUTWITTING EARL ROBERTS

Even that famous warrior and strategist, Earl Roberts, could not baffle the tactics of the sellers of the very artificial wild-roses on Alexandra's Day, but allowed himself to be ambushed by an outpost on the very steps of the War Office. We do not believe, however, that the incident has given any real satisfaction to the German General Staff—or Mr. Ben Tillett

***

"My Friend Lansbury"

I DO not in the least agree with any one of Mr. Lansbury's remarks to Mr. Asquith. It seems quite wrong to say that the Prime Minister is beneath contempt, that his conduct has been "disgusting," that he tortured innocent women, or that he ought to be driven out of public life. Mr. Lansbury himself, however, appears, at the moment of saying these things, honestly to have believed them, and as Parliament is a place to which men are supposed to be sent to say what they honestly believe, I shall remember Mr. Lansbury's outburst with feelings of regret not unmixed with respect. It will be well, furthermore, to remember that Mr. Lansbury was once called, by Mr. Lloyd George, "my friend Lansbury," and trying to live up to Limehouse form might quite easily prove too much for anybody.

The Handel Festival

DURING the past week thousands of people who have consigned the glass frame of the Crystal Palace to destruction have been reminded that it has a soul to be saved. The soul of the Palace is the Handel Festival—the one thing within it that is indestructible. The newspapers which said it will cease with its encasement will have ceased themselves an eternity before. One may not, one's own miserable self, greatly enjoy the music of Handel. But the permanence of its appeal is as undeniable as the Protestant faith itself, of which it is music's supremest expression.

***

Nineteenth-Century Art

THE many people who knew Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema intimately—and found him always witty, entertaining, and generous—will greatly mourn the loss of their delightful and gifted friend. But they may, at least, be consoled by the fact that he lived a full and victorious life. Born in the Netherlands in 1836, he became, some forty years later, a household word in English art. He was undoubtedly a master of the particular style he affected, but not a master in the larger sense. He formed no school nor helped forward the gospel of art. It is true that his pictures were among the most popular at the R.A. sometime in the 'nineties, and that two or three people painted a little in his style—Lady Lawrence, for example, caught something of his rather tight and unsympathetic method. In the house of latter-day art are, fortunately, many mansions, and there Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema finds an important place, even unto the present moment, when so many engaging revolutions are in the air.

***

A Fine Craftsman

BUT notwithstanding his accomplishments and his success, it may be owned that he did not often display that touch of divine fire which transmutes the craftsman into the artist. A brilliant colourist and perfect draughtsman, he worked with lavish care, paying attention to the minutest details which he loved. In still life, as he saw it, few painters, if any, have approached the excellence of Sir Lawrence. He was accomplished in many ways and leaves behind him two clever daughters, Miss Anna, whose paintings have been much admired, and Miss Laurence, a cultured novelist and writer of verse.

A Painter of Pathos

THE LATE SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

"The Bystander" shares in the nation's regret for the death of the great Painter who has passed away. A Dutchman by birth, an Englishman by adoption, he strove for the ideals of ancient Greece and of Imperial Rome. His works dealing with domestic incidents in the life of the latter were invested with a charm and pathos that won him human appreciation far beyond the limited circle of Art

Camera Portrait [*E. O. Hoppé*

MEN WHO MATTER

HIS EXCELLENCY M. PAUL CAMBON, FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON

"Tout passe . . ."

IN view of the numerous and sensational diplomatic changes all over Europe, it is asked everywhere which Ambassador is really to be regarded as safe. The transfer of Baron Marschall to London has aroused the question in Paris whether the present French Ambassador will remain at his post. Physically and intellectually M. Paul Cambon is one of the few, if not the only, survivor of *la haute diplomatie* which had a number of equally able representatives in the late Victorian era. His very handshake expresses that confidential communication of nothing at all—which is an art in itself. Discreet, correct, affable, and patient, he has the old-world dignity of good breeding; and whilst making a confidant of no one, produces an impression on every one of an appreciative friendship. In striking contrast to some other members of the Diplomatic Corps, who are not like him to the manner born, he is the popular leader of his own countrymen in London. Never sparing himself when he is wanted—though many a time he has felt and looked a little exhausted—he has never failed his countrymen, or anyone else, when his presence was a necessary part of the function. There is nothing of the "hail fellow, well met," about him; M. Paul Cambon is always M. Paul Cambon, whether he is talking to a sovereign or to a menial; and he never departs from the dignified courtesy of the man who is a gentleman to please himself.

"Ici on ne parle pas anglais"

The French Ambassador is an eloquent, graceful and witty speaker in French; but although he understands English perfectly well, he prefers not to speak it, and his diplomatic speeches are all delivered in French. He says he has absolutely no faculty for speaking foreign languages; but should we not rather believe he feels surer of his statements when they are made in French and does not wish to expose himself to the risk of being seen to disadvantage, as a foreigner often is, when speaking a language which is not his own. M. Paul Cambon is a member of the Institute of France, which shows the high esteem in which he is held by his literary fellow-countrymen.

L'origine de sa methode

He has had wonderful experience. He began his training in a most excellent school, as private secretary to the late Jules Ferry, the founder of French Colonial Policy. Jules Ferry, as quite a young man, became famous for his attack on the finance of the city of Paris during the Second Empire. Whilst the fashionable ladies were listening to the music of the *Contes de Hoffmann*, French politicians were reading Jules Ferry's famous pamphlet, "*Les Comptes de Haussmann*." Those who are acquainted with the life of this brilliant statesman would, I am sure, understand a little the origin of M. Paul Cambon's diplomacy.

Et son fils

As M. Paul Cambon is a G.C.V.O., he could, if he wished, call himself Sir Paul Cambon; and as he is also a D.C.L. and an LL.D., he could call himself also Doctor Cambon; but like his ex-chief and friend, M. Delcassé, who was called by some of the English newspapers Sir Theophile Delcassé, he has refused to be called anything but plain M. Paul Cambon, Ambassador of the French Republic. M. Paul Cambon has a son Henri, who is at the French Embassy at Rome. He is a promising young man, and shows signs of following in his father's and uncle's footsteps; for, as every one knows, his uncle, M. Jules Cambon, Ambassador to Berlin, comes second to his father in the French Diplomatic Service. It is rather unfortunate for a young man to have to live up to their reputation.

Ami de l'Entente

M. Paul Cambon's experience was not acquired in the Diplomatic Service as we understand it in England. After leaving M. Jules Ferry, he was *Préfet* in three different parts of France, then Resident at Tunis before becoming Ambassador at Madrid, Constantinople and London. He has been fourteen years with us in London, and although he has always been on friendly terms with the reigning Sovereign, he has never been really intimate with either King Edward or King George. M. Paul Cambon was very closely connected with the *Entente Cordiale*, and no one worked more strenuously than he to make the friendship between Great Britain and France an established reality. Whilst Lord Salisbury was still sceptical of its ever coming to maturity, he was as convinced as his ex-chief, M. Delcassé, that the friendship of these two nations was to the advantage of both countries.

Aimable, mais—

In the British Diplomatic Service there was one man who might be compared to M. Paul Cambon, and he was the late Lord Dufferin, who had an almost similar career in many ways. Both these Ambassadors were successful diplomatists at Constantinople—and Constantinople is as "ticklish" a post as it was under the ex-Sultan Hamid. Lord Dufferin also possessed in a very high degree that Celtic power of being amiable and popular without sacrifice of dignity.

Autres temps, autres mœurs

But, alas! the great age of diplomatic success seems to have passed. Men nowadays have no opportunity of acquiring that power of exercising discretion with firmness and confidence, which was the art of the older men. To-day the improved telegraph and telephone service, and the ease with which one travels, have rendered it possible to direct a foreign policy from the Foreign Offices themselves, and the Ambassador is now required to do little more than to serve as a mouthpiece for messages and be a figurehead at important functions. It seems regrettable, but times change.

Next week's "Man Who Matters" will be
MR. J. M. BARRIE

MEN WHO MATTER. *By "MAX"*

No. X.—M. PAUL CAMBON

Political Jack-the-Rippers

REVIVAL OF THE CONFEDERATES: SOME INTERESTING REVELATIONS

(BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

THE Englishman likes to surround both his serious pursuits and his sports with the best possible conditions of comfort. Hence the legion of political clubs. Whether one takes a serious view of politics, or looks upon them as the ideal game—billiards, golf, tiger-shooting, and courting mingled into one supreme fascination—the political club is necessarily a place where you may enjoy at once sound politics, sound wine, good cooking, and armchairs.

For those who view politics as a sport the political clubs are on strict party lines, and any heresy is like cheating at cards. I recall the fierce boil-over at the Carlton when Mr. Winston Churchill, then a Unionist, made his famous attack upon Mr. Balfour, in the days before it had become fashionable to attack Mr. Balfour from the Unionist side.

Of course, if you take your politics seriously, the clubs are more latitudinarian. You are bound, as a member, to an idea rather than to every item of a party programme. But no political movement in England which gets beyond the stage of a mere intrigue fails to establish a club where its followers may dine together for the country's good. Perhaps it is because a group of Englishmen must dine together before they are in full communion. To have dined together is a recognised bond, not imperishable truly, but not lightly broken.

The Radical papers have lately been talking of a revival of the famous "Confederates," and a change of policy at the Holmfirth by-election has been ascribed to their action. It may be interesting, therefore, to give a few details as to exactly what the Confederates are.

The governing committee of "the Confederacy" consists of five men known as "The Allies." Any vacancies in their own ranks are filled by themselves.

The best political dinners are probably those of the Confederates. Their excellence reminds me that the Confederates are "conspirators against the food of the people" according to the fulminations of the Radical Press. Actually they are a band of young enthusiasts who believe in Unionism and Imperialism as a living faith, and have formed a secret Brotherhood to advance that faith. They are the "Black Robes" of Unionism. The general body of members do not know for certain who the Allies are. The Chief of the Club conveys their decrees and suggestions to the members. New members are called to the club only by a unanimous vote of the Allies. You can never know for certain what strength the Confederates have, for not all the members are summoned to any one meeting. The meetings are invariably held at a dinner. This is given by one member to a group, not exceeding sixty of the Confederates, at some Unionist Club. Ostensibly it is a private dinner-party. But after the port has come the waiters are barred out, and the Confederates begin their discussions, hearing the reports of the Allies as to the past, arranging plans for the future.

"Political Jack-the-Rippers" the *Westminster* once called the Confederates: and the name shows how feared they are. Working in the dark, commanding enormous influence, the Confederates exercise great power. As an instance of their work, in the Parliament of 1909 there was a group of twenty-seven members of the Unionist party who had incurred the special hostility of the Confederates. Of that group twenty-five disappeared at the next election.

Membership of the Confederacy does not depend on money. You may pay £1,000 entrance fee, or nothing at all. But you must be useful, capable, and silent as a conspirator. The silence is essential. There are barristers who would be left without briefs, journalists without occupation, noblemen whose friends would give them "the cold shoulder" if the names of the Confederacy were disclosed. You cannot carry on a "Jack-the-Ripper" policy without making enemies, without inviting savage reprisals. Secrecy is the safeguard. Besides, the unknown is so terrible. The cartoons in Radical papers of the Confederates, stilettos drawn, faces masked in crape, are dictated by a sense of fear trying to "crack hardy" with ridicule.

Just now the Confederates are giving earnest attention to the Unionist Social Reform policy. They are conspiring for better wages and better conditions for the people. As sound Imperialists to a man they are perfectly "solid" on Home Rule.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"CONFEDERATES—WHO WERE THEY?"

A recent snapshot of Mr. Balfour as a spectator of lawn tennis, a game to which, thanks largely to the Confederates, he is devoting at least as much attention as to politics

"Mrs. Eric"

A PASTEL OF THE WELL-KNOWN DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF MR. HENRY CHAPLIN

THE HON. MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN WITH HER TWO SONS, ANTHONY AND NIALL

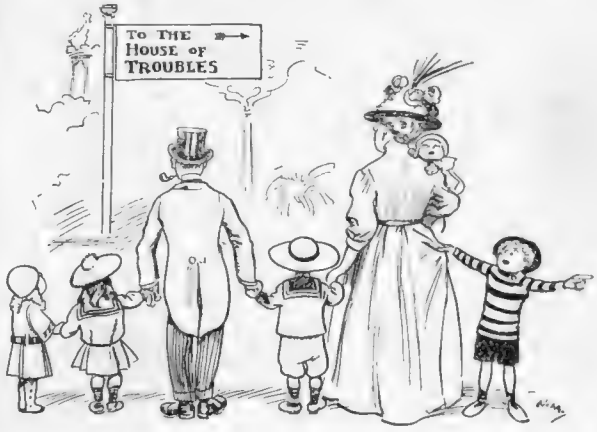
From a pastel now being exhibited at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters, drawn by Mrs. Adrian C. Hope. Mrs. Chaplin, who is, with her husband, most popular in Society, is at present touring in Canada—a delightful country that is becoming more and more the hunting ground of Lloyd George hunted aristocrats. "Mrs. Eric" is, of course, the daughter of the well-known Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, and her husband the son of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, the friend of Kings and patron of sports

The Great White Elephant City

VISITED BY JINGLE AND NORMAN MORROW

THE SORT OF THING ONE KEEPS CONSTANTLY MEETING IN THE GROUNDS

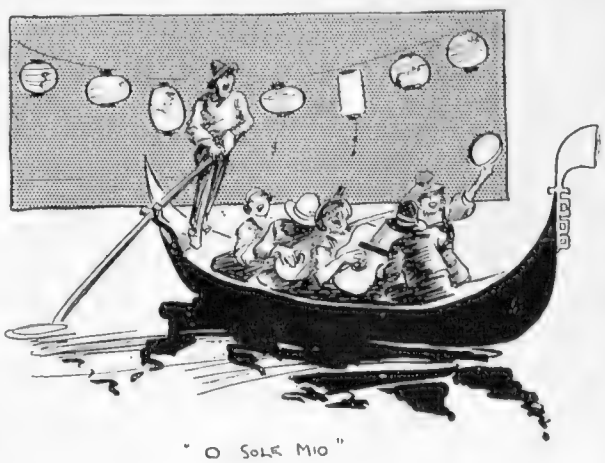
TO my mind the Latin-British Exhibition is not at all well-named, since it must inevitably suggest to the holiday-making schoolboy those unspeakable declensions and conjugations, the existence of which he is trying so hard to forget for a few weeks. Still, it really does not matter what we are called as long as we are good; and in this connection I should like to quote from the official programme, which is supplied to visitors at the modest charge of threepence, and which declares on its first page that this "is, in fact, absolutely the finest Exhibition ever conceived." I have often been told that in this world people will always take you at your own valuation; and it seems to me, therefore, that the success of the Latin-British Exhibition ought to be something quite phenomenal. A leading feature of the Exhibition is the collection of various groups of performers of the different Latin nations, who sing and play the melodies of their



OR — A HOME FROM HOME

respective lands. Sometimes the singers perform in little pavilions of their own; at other times they are to be found in the buildings devoted to tableaux of scenes under blue, Southern skies; and there, gazing upon what Coleridge would have called painted ships upon a painted ocean, they sing with a satisfying sweetness. A printed notice on the wall pleads gently with the visitor to refrain from offering the performers anything in the form of a gratuity, as many of them are great artists in their own country. Besides, some of the Italians might, from the experience of certain of their countrymen in England, regard the offer of a penny as a direct hint that they should adjourn to the next street; and that would be far from complimentary.

As you stroll through the grounds you meet here and there groups of picturesquely attired foreigners, who seem to have made a praiseworthy effort to collect about them as many different shades of colour as a perverted ingenuity can suggest. In this respect the men are far more generous than the ladies. Custom, for instance, requires the hat of a Spaniard to be a simple thing as regards colour, even though it may be voluminous in shape. In order, therefore, that he may compete with the splendour of the modern ladies about him, he is obliged to wear under his hat a kerchief which in most cases must be an infallible cure for colour-blindness. It has all the tints of the rainbow, and as many more shades as there is room for. To proceed, I do not think I have ever before been among such a varied collection of rich Southern blood and found less excitability. The ladies especially are noticeable for their air of subdued emotion. The Spanish ladies I have seen on the stage in London have had invariably a fine dash about them that suggested the warm blood of the South in the first minute; but at this Exhibition the Latin ladies walk about demurely with downcast eyes like convent schoolgirls out for a promenade. I should not have noticed the point in such detail if Mr. Morrow had not called my attention to it; but Mr. Morrow is still a mere youth, and, as Kingsley very properly remarks, young blood will have its course, lad, and all that kind of thing. This subdued manner characterises the performers when they are on the platform. Their songs are very dainty, and their tinkling music is very sweet; but no one can accuse the singers



"O SOLE MIO"

of reckless gaiety, or even of the traditional hilarity of the devotee of *Wein, Weib und Gesang*.

It must not be supposed, however, that the singing of the different national melodies is the only feature of the Exhibition. These pleasing little

A VAIN SEARCH

outbreaks of music form quite a subsidiary part of the general entertainment. They bob up in odd corners, free of charge, and you are at liberty to decide for yourself whether you will stay and listen or whether you will just go and have another turn on the Flip-Flap or the Glacier Glide. In the newly opened French section, for instance, there is an absolutely dazzling display of Paris gowns and fascinating frocks, to say nothing of other articles of feminine attire, of many of which I do not even know the correct names. Then there is the very well-arranged Art Gallery, in which some of the leading French, Italian, and Spanish painters are represented. Like the music, however, the art department is not obtruded on the visitor, the management having undoubtedly learned from experience that the latest masterpiece in painting or melody has very little chance of competing successfully with a Skating Palace or a Wiggle-Woggle. A list of these latter amusements is given in the threepenny programme above mentioned; and the descriptions of the various attractions convey the impression that they have been compiled in the advertising department. When, for instance, you want to know something about the "Enlarged Mountain Railway," all that you are told is that it is "a route of nearly a mile and a half through numerous caves and grottoes, mountain ascents, exciting dashes across yawning chasms—*one long gasp of exhilaration.*" (The italics are not mine.) The programme adds: "The construction of this superb attraction cost upwards of £34,000." I flatter myself, however, that I can do my own gasping when necessary; and as to the cost of the superb attractions that allure me, it has always been my motto to hang the expense.

The "Flip-Flap" has become more complicated by the addition of cages which revolve slowly at a great height in the air. To quote once more from the Official Daily Programme, "this improvement renders a complete view of the Exhibition and Grounds being obtained from every point of the compass." I am not impressed by the writer's literary style; but I am sure his intentions are of the best. A deservedly popular feature of the side-show department is the "Great Bostock Jungle." Mr. Bostock's collection of wild animals is, of course, famous in both hemispheres. I understand that the leading animal trainers of the world have been engaged for the presentation to the audiences of the lions and tigers, though from what I have heard of those insinuating animals they would seem to be quite capable of introducing themselves. The official programme, which seems resolved to fulfil to the last its part of guide, philosopher and friend, says: "We can recommend a visit to the Bostock Jungle as a splendid tonic for the *blasé* frequenters of the average entertainment." I did not, however, go. I did not think I was *blasé* enough for that.

Apart from the nature of any particular exhibition held within its gates, the White City is, of course, a spectacle in itself. It has more than its share of fairy lamps and illuminated fountains with which to make an irresistible appeal by night to the public that has an eye for that form of beauty; while by day the smart appearance of the well-kept grounds gives a new delight to the place. Owing to the Latin character of the Exhibition this year, the miniature canals are periodically invaded by gondolas carrying Italian singers, who do their best to impart a truly Venetian air to their surroundings. The effect is agreeably

picturesque, especially as I have it on the authority of a man who understands music that the singing is quite excellent.

JINGLE

The Bystander in PARIS

A YEAR OF MIRACLES—AND HIGH PRICES

Altering the Hours

It is quite extraordinary how things in Paris have been running up recently. I don't mean aeroplanes so much as bills, the price of bread, and what not. And now, by order of the Government and very possibly (you never know what Governments will do) in a mistaken hope of making us forget the rising price of necessaries, it has finally been decided to count the hours from 1 to 24. It has begun with the railway time-tables. Your train, you think, is due at 2.15. You get in at 15.25. That doesn't mean that you are 13 hours and 10 minutes late, but just an hour and ten minutes, which, taking one thing with another, is not too much out of the normal. And when you want to look up a train in the railway guide now, you have to do a little mental sum if you want to know when it really starts. Good for the mind, of course, mental exercise, and all that, brain invigorating, doubtless, but a bit of a nuisance, and the little red figures which the railway companies have painted round their clocks don't make it any easier to find the platform from which the train starts.

The Fêtes des Fleurs—

And this good year of 1912 is a year of miracles, anyway. I know it sounds incredible, and yet it is a fact that the Fête des Fleurs, in the Allée de Longchamp of the Bois de Boulogne, was unspotted by a drop of rain. The fact—for fact it is, although Parisians can hardly believe it to be true—is outside my experience, and I think I remember all the Fêtes des Fleurs that ever happened in the Bois. I have never known one without drenching rain, just as I have never known the opening to the public of the lakes in the Bois for skating purposes without an immediate thaw. Several Paris journalists were much disgusted at the *contretemps*. The men who write the annual article about the Fête des Fleurs had got into the habit of doing it in a spare moment and going away to fish, or to do something equally unfashionable (some journalists are such unfashionable folk), instead of buying penny bunches of flowers for sixpence and throwing them about to help the wives and families of the police and soldiers, firemen and sailors, likewise of railwaymen and others who have died in the execution of their duty.

Oscar Wilde's "Salome" has just been produced by the enterprising M. Astruc at the Châtelet. Our pictures show M. de Max and Mlle. Ida Rubinstein in the parts of Herod and Salome. "Salomania" seems to be on the wane, for the success of the much-discussed melodrama was anything but complete

Those Blessed Five Minutes

Besides, the railway companies have now abolished the delightful system of pretending, outside the station, that it is five minutes later than it really is. You ran with your heart in your mouth, and your other parcels flopping too, and you found when you got inside that you had got lots of time to spare because of those blessed five minutes. Now you don't, because even the Ouest Etât has taken to starting on time. I feel that I ought to say *sic tempora* just here. I don't exactly know why, but I know that it is usually done.

—In Fine Weather

These articles always describe the glories of the dresses going to the Bois and their bedraggled state on their way home. This year there wasn't any draggle except that caused by flower-throwing. And there was even less of that than usual. We used to go to the Bois to pelt Society with flowers and be pelted. Now, Society beauties don't go to the floral battle. It is just as well, because in Paris the youngest of them dates from the Second Empire, and even she is a bit of a *parvenue*. But the pretty actresses of Paris go, and other pretty women who have pretty dresses which the stage has not provided. And they decorate their motor-cars and carriages and drive down the Allée de Longchamp. At the far end of it perspiring and smiling males award them banners (the floral fête is quite a Dodo race for prizes), and they drive home again happily after submitting to Mr. Arnold Bennett's pet aversion, the photographer, to whom, somehow or another, they do not object as much as Mr. Arnold Bennett does. Pretty Arlette Dorgère won the first prize this year again. She has done it so often that she will have to be careful. You know, Arlette, if people take to counting up——but there, you don't look it, so what does it matter.

La Grande Semaine

That useful old proverb (in this hot weather I must air my Latin), *lente dies, celeriter anni*—the day passes slowly, the years pass quickly—is quite a mistake in Paris this week. By the time you have hurried *celeriter* to the end of this page the grand week in Paris will be over, and Parisians will be busy losing louis at the Trouville tables in their search for ozone. But meanwhile this has been a very full

In Training for England?

GABY AND HER DOG AND GABY AND HER MOTHER

Photographs of actresses in the company of their babies, their brothers, fathers, or mothers, are the peculiar prerogative of this country. England has always loved the "domestic touch" in those professing the arts. But we confess that the part seems a trifle unsuited to Gaby Deslys, whose reputation rests on a less unstable—though more transparent—basis

week indeed. There wasn't a day which passed *lente*. From Sunday to Sunday there have been three big race-meetings, at Chantilly, Auteuil, and Longchamp, where, as usual, the winners were of less importance than the dresses in the paddock and all kinds of other social shows. I overheard rather a dinky remark, by the way, at Auteuil on Sunday. "Beautiful coat," said one sportsman. "Er—oh—yes—er—oh—you mean the horse, of course?" replied the other. But now the *grande semaine* is over, the theatres that matter are closed, the weather is hot, and the seaside is calling. *Le tout Paris*—that mixture of wealthy South Americans, United Staters, and mixed nationalities in general, with Parisians proper and improper, is flitting off to Trouville, Deauville, to the mountains and the lakes, and summer really has begun at last. I often wonder why *le tout Paris* considers the summer outing a holiday though. Its life *en vacances* now that Enghien is so jolly with its big casino only differs from the hard work of the Paris season in the fact that there is more white in their clothing, and that those who pride themselves on their Bohemianism go without gloves.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

A SLUMP IN SOCIALISM

Red Ties—and Noses

THERE'S a slump in Socialism. Nobody wants it, and nobody loves it, and it sits like Shelley's widow-bird mourning for its mate. Millions, to be accurate 4,259,000, call themselves Socialists, and flop about in red ties and sometimes red noses; but when you ask them questions they answer, "Oh, of course, we're Socialists, but we don't accept the ordinary Socialist doctrines."

German Condonation

THE official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* chuckles this week because a hated Socialist has thrown overboard yet one more Socialist dogma. Herr Quessell, who is a highly intellectual Socialist, had the assurance to write an article practically condoning John Bull's insatiable land-hunger, this on the ground that colonies have a real economic use. Now, the official Socialists are dead against such things; and regard it as a frightful heresy for a "comrade" to extol the Colonisation and the Conquest which are staining the pure brown earth the colour of his tie.

Another Rebel

HERR EDUARD BERNSTEIN is another intellectual Socialist who rejects Socialist dogmas. Herr Bernstein lived a whole decade in England—and that made him intellectual. For fifteen years he has been thundering away at his Socialist colleagues telling them that he is a devoted Socialist, but that Socialism is nonsense. He derides every important premise on which Socialism is built. For instance, he denies the basic Socialist theory that all the world's wealth is going to capitalists and all its poverty to proletarians. Karl Marx, on whom all German Socialism rests, predicted such a development; and Herr Bernstein (vowing he is a faithful Marxian) says that Karl Marx was wrong.

Millionaires and Paupers Only

HERR BERNSTEIN draws some artistic diagrams to show how the Socialist doctrine differs from the truth. The Marxians describe the original society as a pyramid, with a broad base of very poor, next intermediate classes, which diminish in number gradually as they are richer, and on top a fine apex of very rich. The pyramid, said Marx, will disappear under capitalistic stress. The broad base of impoverished will grow broader; and the small apex of millionaires will swell to a bloated knob; but the intermediate classes, the people with a little wealth, with moderate wealth, and with wealth will vanish. Only millionaires and paupers will remain.

The Pyramid

SAYS Herr Bernstein: "I am a faithful Marxian, but Marx is quite wrong." In truth the base of poor has been growing, and the number of millionaires at the apex has been growing; but the middle part of the pyramid has been growing too. The people of small, moderate, and considerable wealth multiply. The American Steel Trust is considered a monster of capitalistic concentration; but it is owned by 50,000 shareholders, and this gives a very moderate average investment for each. So the world is farther off from being divided into bloated capitalists and shirtless proletarians than it was in Marx's day.

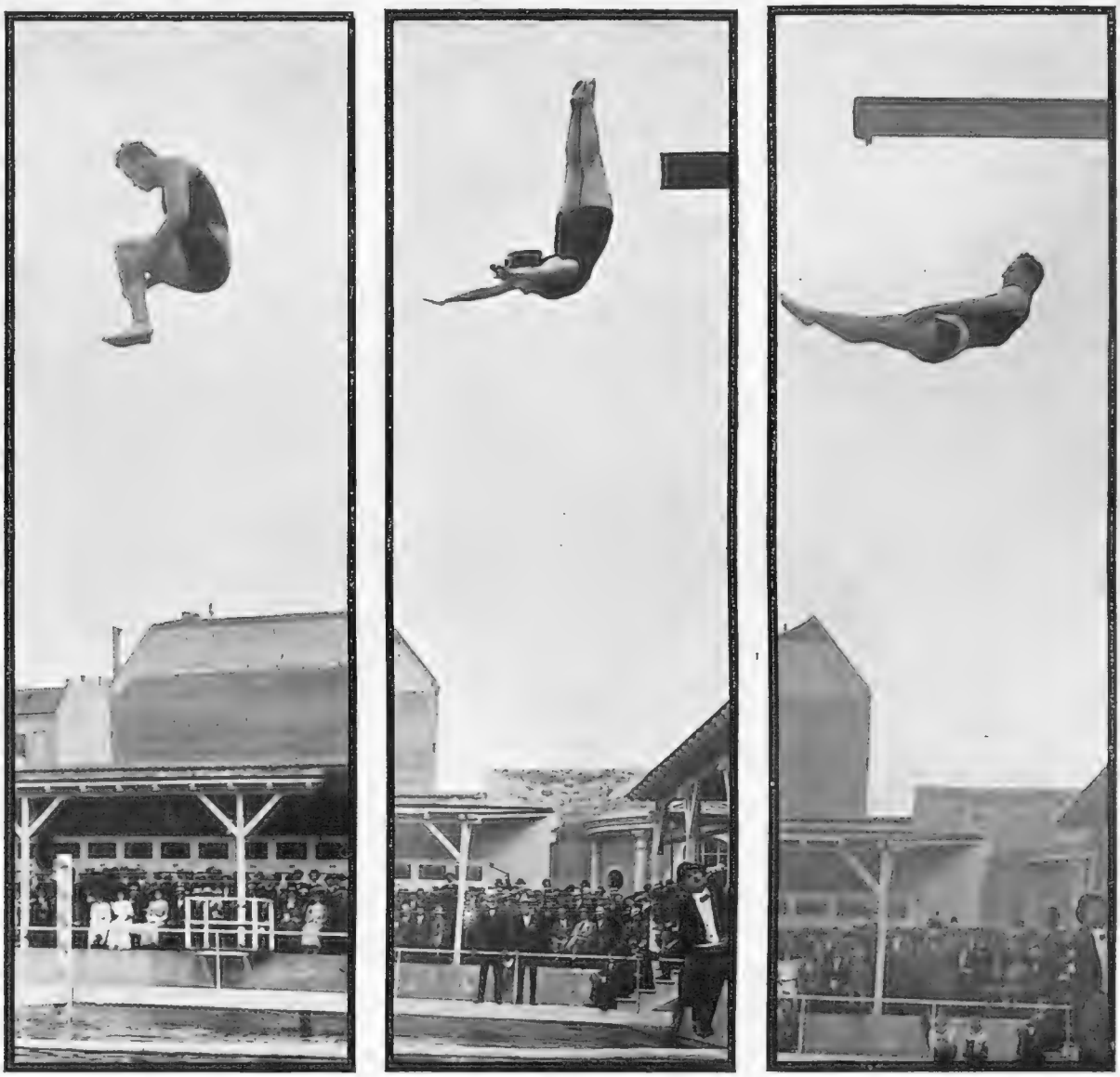
Capital's Collapse

MARX predicted that industrial crises would grow more frequent, last longer, and be more serious, and that things would get so bad that Capitalistic Society would collapse in a catastrophe. Herr Bernstein (still swearing that he is a faithful Marxian) shows that industrial crises are rarer, shorter, and less serious than they were forty years ago. So there is no chance of Capitalistic Society vanishing in a cataclysm. Herr Bernstein's party calls itself "Revisionist" because it wants to revise the party's Erfurt Programme, which, packed full with Marx's exploded fallacies, has been cumbering the earth for one-and-twenty years. He is backed by the ablest men and clearest thinkers in the S.D. party. Alone, stout Bebel, Kautsky, Ledebour, with the less instructed workmen, hold out. The Erfurt Programme, they say, is as inviolable as the Gospel.

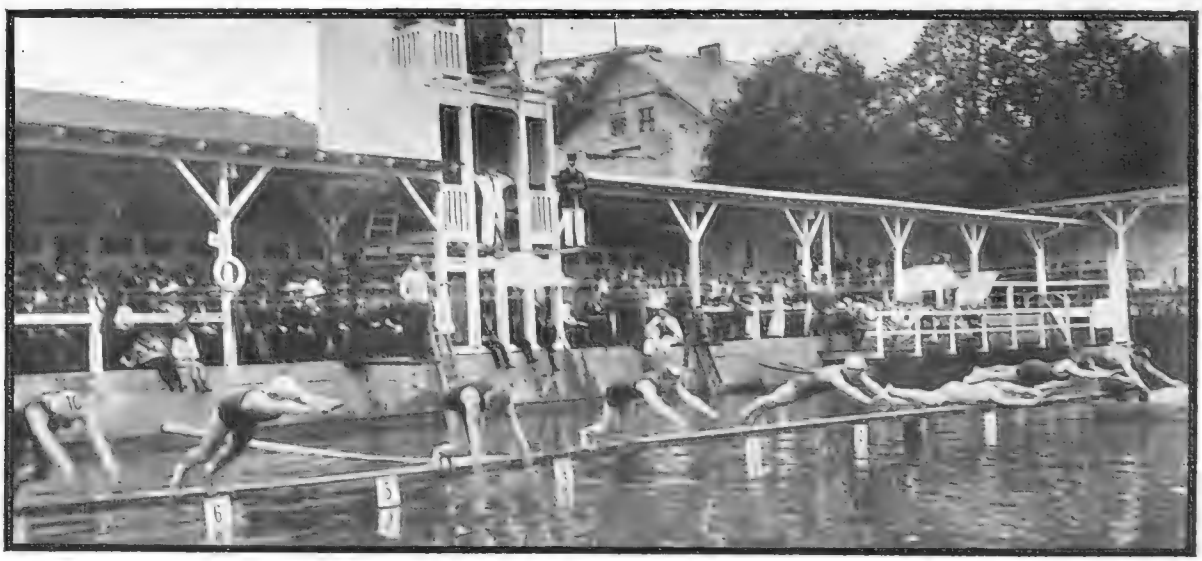
Contrary Doctrines

AFTER throwing away the party doctrines, the heretical Revisionists want to throw away the party tactics. They proclaim for solid, practical work with the despised *bourgeoisie*, while the "orthodox" Socialists are against all forms of work. All this is magnificent, but it isn't Socialism. How 4,259,000 philosophic Germans manage to vote for a party with such contrary doctrines the Berlin Bystander does not know. His theory is that they are impelled by a perverse derisiveness; that they wish by increasing the party's power on paper to emphasise its helplessness and vacuity.

Does Germany's Future Lie Under the Water?



Selection Trials of German Aquatic Competitors in the Olympic Games. The proficiency of the divers leads us to wonder whether Germany's future may not really lie under the water



Photographs *Gebrüae Haeckel*

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EXCLUSIVE JEWELLED ORNAMENTS FROM THE *MAISON* TECLA.

Taking Stock at Stockholm

ADVANCE IMPRESSIONS OF THE SCENE OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

THE BYSTANDER editor, exhibiting his characteristic habit of taking time by the forelock, invited me to act as a kind of scout who should reconnoitre the Swedish capital and its outposts before the grand army of British visitors invaded it last month for the Fifth Olympiad. Not being an *Olympic* stoker on strike, but a conscientious Olympic scout on duty, I accepted the commission. Stockholm, like Rome, has many ways leading to it. I chose the Flushing - Hamburg - Warnemunde-Gjedser-Copenhagen-Malmo way, because I wanted to see whether it was really true that whole trains, including sleeping-cars, were put on to boats, and carried from one set of rails to another set in another country. I had made the same journey before, mark you; but then I had slept placidly through the alleged trans-shipment.

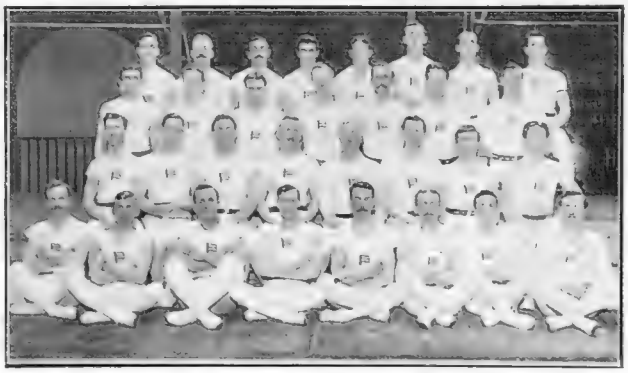
SOUTH AFRICA'S PAIR FOR STOCKHOLM

The South African Champion, H. A. Kitson (right), and C. L. Winslow, a young player of exceptional promise, were competing at Stockholm last week in the Olympic lawn tennis competitions. They make a very strong combination in Doubles

But this time I kept my eyes open, and even had the temerity to descend from my saloon and watch the Danish porters at Gjedser unclamp the wheels from their sea moorings when they ran on to dry land. The Bradshaw man in these island parts has to be a bit of a seaman I should imagine. Only when the tide is favourable can the rails on the big broad ferry join up with the rails under the approaching train. In the bowels of these sea-ferries are restaurants about which a word of warning may be uttered. The fare is good of its kind, but it is served in accordance with the habits of the Danish democrat. That is to say, when you dive below on leaving Copenhagen at seven o'clock expecting to find a hot *table d'hôte* dinner, your eyes rest on a cold spread of which smoked salmon, radishes, brown, brittle biscuits, and various delicacies swimming in oil, are the chief ingredients. A hungry tennis champion, sitting by my side, conceiving this collation to be preliminary *hors d'œuvres*, ordered an omelette and steak when he discovered his error.

Stockholm is quite the most polite city in the world—the antithesis to Chicago. Every blue-eyed boy on its ferry-steamboats is a Raleigh. Ignorant of the fare, I tendered one of them a ten-öre bit, which is roughly equivalent to our penny piece. He respectfully offered me six öre as change. A good lunch had made me generous; I declined to be burdened with the balance. Instantly the cabin-boy doffed his cap, and made me a deep bow. For the rest of the voyage he regarded me with mingled reverence and awe, and when the opposite quay was reached, kept the rest of the passengers at bay until I, the donor of a halfpenny tip, had alighted. Nor are the policemen, in their smart brass helmets, less polite. They greet you with a military salute and take pains to conceal their surprise that your Swedish is not equal to the task of asking the way. It seems that many of the Swedish policemen are drawn from the upper classes. Too poor to take a course of lectures as gentlemen students, they enjoy the educational facilities of Stockholm by drawing police pay.

Stockholm could never be called a fast city, or a city in which the Commissioner of Police shuts one eye and keeps the other for State occasions. First and foremost Stockholm is a city of business men and business women, and though the former may like their yellow punch in a *café*, it is drunk decorously, openly, and always with a thought on the morrow's telephone. I sampled the Opera, and found the *Tales of Hoffmann* admirably rendered by a sympathetic Swedish company, but the house, if full, was not a smart house, as we or the French know it. I doubt whether Paquin had a client in the *foyer* between the acts, and I saw no jewels to compare with Covent Garden. But if Stockholm does not flaunt wealth or fashion like Paris or London, it has many attributes which make for health and happiness. Its northern air is pure and bracing; its streets are wide and clean; its myriad lakes and lagoons are a charming setting for a pleasing mode of transport; its thieves are few; its King and government are progressive, its literature is cheap (Maeterlinck at a penny has recently sold in thousands), and its beer is good. The Swedes affect nothing except expert knowledge of match-making, telephones, wood-pulp, and the arts of hospitality. In all you can teach them nothing.



TO MAKE A BID FOR BRITISH SUPREMACY

The British Gymnastic Team which will compete at the Olympic Games at Stockholm, and which has been training at the Northampton Institute

(To be continued.)

Racing as a Rea
this Year's Ho

THE NEW COLLEGE OXFORD EIGHT
Head of the river at Oxford, and entered for the Grand Challenge Cup

THE LEANDER EIGHT
Entered for the Grand Challenge. The name Leander stands for the pick of English rowing

THE LADY MARGARET FOUR
Otherwise St. John's, Cambridge: entered for the Wyfolds

THE PEMBROKE CAMBRIDGE FOUR
Entered for the Wyfolds: there are four Cambridge Fours in this event

A. McCULLOCH
One of England's best

E. B. BU'LE
The hop o
Cana.a

A TRIFO
TH
DIAMOND

IF only the weather is fine, Henley, which begins p-d
decessors both in interest and enjoyment. It i ce
King and Queen should synchronise with one of he
Regatta, and with contests which will fully sustain Eni
racing, rather than (as some have regarded it in the pa
the programme is the large number of colonial an fo
Diamond Sculls, for instance, no less than seven c
competitors, while in the "Grand" there are tw C
These are the Toronto Argonauts and the Sydney (N.S
the *pièce de résistance* of Henley, the head boats of t
New College and Jesus, are entering, and, of coure, I
Magdalen men, while London and Thames will iph
Queen's College, Cambridge (in the Wyfolds), and Shr
entirely new entries, and a Hospital crew—London Ho
first time for many years. The smallest event is the Ste
and the Vikings are competing. This is somewhat
championship of four-oared racing, but it seems ole
particularly popular just now.

L. J. CADBURY AND
The First Trinity, Cambridge, Pair;en

Photographs

eal Feature of nley Regatta

C. McVILLY
The Tasmanian sculler

-day (Wednesday), should eclipse all its pre- certainly fitting that the promised visit of the he finest entries ever received for the Royal Henley's reputation as the Mecca of amateur past) the picnicker's paradise. A feature of foreign representatives competing. In the countries are represented in a field of 18 Colonial crews for the first time on record. (N.S.W.) Eight. For this event which is always of the river at Oxford and Cambridge, to wit, re, Leander, with a crew largely composed of uphold the honour of Metropolitan rowing. Shrewsbury School (in the Ladies' Plate) are Hospital in the Wyfolds—will be seen for the Stewards', in which only New College, Thames hat remarkable as the Stewards' ranks as the plerably clear that four-oared rowing is not

) F. E. HELLYER
r; entered for the Silver Goblets

THE JESUS CAMBRIDGE EIGHT
Head of the river at Cambridge, and entered for the Grand Challenge Cup

FIRST TRINITY CAMBRIDGE FIRST EIGHT
Entered for the Ladies' Plate. "First" are putting on two Eights; the second Eight is going for the Thames Cup

THE QUEEN'S CAMBRIDGE FOUR
Entered for the Wyfolds. This is the first time Queen's have appeared at Henley

THE TRINITY HALL CAMBRIDGE FOUR
Entered for the Wyfolds: one of the best of the Cambridge Fours

Sport and General

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"'THOU shalt not steal,' is my platform," declared Mr. Roosevelt at the close of the Chicago Convention, and now Americans seem almost reconciled to the idea that they must elect some quite new President without such singular notions.

* * *

Apropos of London's traffic, we certainly agree that "something must be done—and that quickly—to make it less perilous." Our own suggestion is that there should be a sort of Eglinton tourney held—on some waste piece of ground outside the Metropolis—between the champions of the tramcar and the motor-'bus respectively.

* * *

At a given signal there would be a general *mêlée*, the survivors of which would be shot. The gate-money might be distributed among relations of those who last year were killed in the streets of London either by a tramcar or a motor-'bus.

* * *

"Pedestrian Londoners"—it has been pointed out in this connection—"will not use the subways that have been constructed at dangerous crossings." The fact is that subways are extraordinarily unseductive things, and the only way to popularise them would be for the authorities to offer a packet of cigarettes or a free drink to all people using them, and then, of course, they would be more dangerous than the death-traps above. So that is no good.

* * *

How much we have to be thankful for, after all! This reflection occurs when we remember that Mr. Lloyd George might have diverted that surplus to the publication of still more pamphlets on the subject of the Insurance Bill, and then we should all have had to put up a second letter-box to hold them.

* * *

As it is, we shall be able, at any rate, to begin our stamp-licking unperturbed by fear of a German invasion. We may get so tired of it as even to welcome the Germans in the end, but we doubt it. It's a nasty bother, and one may get inflammation of the tongue; but as long as Britain rules the seas, we ought not to complain too much. Some people even like the taste of gum.

* * *

A correspondent sends us the following advertisement from one of the daily papers:

"Wanted—a smart man to canvass fried-fish shops. Ex-Navy man preferred."

"Can it be," he asks, "that this is another attempt on the part of the mysterious advertisers of last week to induce Mr. McKenna to leave his post?"

* * *

In Paris a taxi-cab-driver is said to have affixed the following notice to his car: "I talk Siamese." Probably the intelligent fellow has noticed that lots of Englishmen in Paris try to talk a strange language, and has concluded that, as it is neither French nor English, it may be some Oriental tongue.

* * *

"You English," a German lady is reported by a newspaper correspondent to have said while spending Sunday on the river, "are so unself-conscious." It is apparent that she could not have seen any of the youth of Tooting in correct boating costume trying to punt for the first time, or she could hardly have paid us this very handsome compliment.

* * *

According to a fashion expert, "a tulle ruffle falling over the blouse invests the moon-faced personality with a special charm." Most of the moon-faced personalities we know would look even better, in our opinion, if a tulle ruffle were to fall over their faces.

NOT A DRY EYE IN THE COMPANY

"Yes, my child, I was the first to present the great drama of 'Faust' before an American audience."

"What did you play?"

"I—ahem!—played the hose in the garden scene."

Judging By Appearances

Mrs. McWhuskey: "Et's just disgusting. I'm verra glad ye didna mak' sic a fool o' yersel' when ye were walking oot wi' me"
Mr. McWhuskey: "Ye mauna judge, wife; I hadna the same provocation"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

Argentina—A "Place in the Sun"

AGAINST WHICH THE MONROE DOCTRINE WARNS WANDERING EAGLES

SANTA FÉ: THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIO PARANA

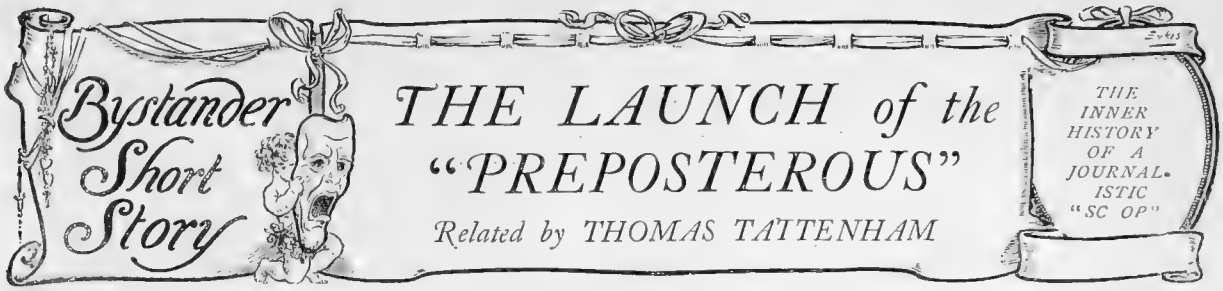
BUENOS AIRES: AVENUE DE MAYO (LOOKING WEST)

BUENOS AIRES: THE FAMOUS PASEO DE JULIO

It is often said that the Argentine Republic is the particular place in the sun coveted by Germany. If that is so, the shadow cast by the United States of America should seem far blacker to the German imperialist than the comparatively insignificant affair this country can boast. It is difficult to see what claim Germany can lay to a country where the capital comes mostly from England or America and the labour from Italy. True, there is a large colony of Germans, but, if rumour is to be believed, they desire the hegemony of the Fatherland even less than the other inhabitants. They did not leave home for nothing

THE FAMOUS AVENUE DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES: THE HOUSES ARE MOSTLY VERY EXPENSIVE FLATS

A VIEW IN THE AVENUE DE ALVEAR, THE "PARK LANE" OF BUENOS AIRES



[EDITORIAL FOREWORD.—*This story was suggested to the author while witnessing some years ago the launch of a mammoth liner. In publishing it, we desire to state that the story is, from beginning to end, pure fiction, and that the incidents and the persons connected with them are drawn entirely from the author's imagination*—EDITOR.]

A YOUNG man in a tweed suit came out of a Fleet Street office, smoking a cigarette. He smiled superciliously, and nodded at two men who were passing at the time.

"Who is that man?" asked one of the other.

"That," said his companion, "is Harverson, of the *Plainspeaker*."

"Ah, yes. One of their latest star reporters. What was it I saw his name against? I remember. The launch of the *Preposterous*."

"My friend," said the other, "if you want to be popular in Fleet Street never mention the name of Harverson or the launch of the *Preposterous*. It is the most humiliating chapter in the recent history of the British Press."

"Why? Everybody outside Fleet Street thought it a great feather in its cap to have produced, in an emergency, a young man able to get for his paper an exclusive account of so unusual an event."

"It was a success which he gained at the expense of his fellows. A damnable success, sir."

"Is a journalist expected to share his successes with his fellows, then? Outside we imagine you're all racing or dodging each other to be first with the news."

"Now, perhaps, we are—again. But it wasn't so in the good old days before the launch of the *Preposterous*. We were a band of brothers, going on our jobs together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, tipping each other the wink when anything good was in the wind, helping each other out of holes—a happy band of brothers, sir. But Harverson has broken us up, and now, on penalty of dismissal, we are forbidden by all our editors to mix up or travel, or have anything wha ever to do with our fellow-men, except in private life. And all because of Harverson and the launch of the *Preposterous*."

"What on earth did Harverson do, then?"

"Come and lunch, and I'll tell you. Harverson went as one of us, in the same special train, and on the same special steamer, to the scene of the great launch at Footlemouth. The Press was to be specially well-treated because the shipbuilders had only lately settled a strike, and on terms which were said to have been a severe blow to the Trade Union, who were threatening an early revival of the agitation. Well, Harverson ate the special dinner, and drank the special champagne, smoked the special cigars, and enjoyed the hospitality of the steamship company. Just as we neared Footlemouth, which you reach, of course, by steamer, he said he was sick of being treated as a prince when he was only a common scribbler, and when he got ashore he would bid us all good-bye and go and see the launch from his own standpoint.

"Agreeing that he was a 'swanker' we let him go. As if, we thought, a man could see so simple and invariably successful a show as the launch of a liner any better on his own than under the hospitable auspices of those who are managing it! Well, he went, and we forgot all about him. The launch took place, so far as we saw it, perfectly successfully. The giant leviathan, as you know——"

"Yes, I remember the glowing accounts in your own and other papers than the *Plainspeaker*. She slid down the slips and entered the harbour proudly, majestically, like a great diving whale, and there proudly she sits at this moment, awaiting completion for her great trans-oceanic voyages. I remember it all. But the *Plainspeaker* said that, half an hour afterwards, its representative, who was strolling round the harbour——"

"I know. You needn't go over it again. I was going to tell you about *us*, not him. Half an hour after the launch, he *was* strolling about the harbour, while we, the rest of the British Press, were stuffing our insides with a ten-course banquet at the Grand Hotel. It was one of the best luncheons I ever ate. There was no Harverson at the tables to mar the harmony of the company. After the dinner, the representatives of the owners and of the builders got up, proposed toasts, made speeches. The proposer of the toast of "Sir Peter Wigglesworth, the Chairman of the Company," was singing that worthy gentleman's praises, and apologising for his absence from the proceedings. I was interested to know why the Chairman was absent. We thought he ought to have been with us.

"'I expect,' said the proposer, by way of explanation, 'that he is consorting with his ladies.'

"We were just suppressing a laugh at the awkwardness of the phrase when to our pleased surprise the absent Sir Peter entered the room. He was cheered loudly, but we all noticed that his face was white. He took his seat, and listened nervously to the rest of the speech. We drank the toast, and then Sir Peter, after a hurried conversation with the general manager, got up. Very awkwardly he spoke. I had heard him before, and couldn't make out what was the matter with him. However, the gist of his speech was this. It had occurred to him that something ought to be done to pass the hours pleasantly for the journalists before their return to the steamer and the journey

(All rights strictly reserved)

home. He had, therefore, arranged, immediately after they had sent off their telegrams, to take them for a tour of the surrounding country in a dozen specially hired motor-cars. Tea would be provided at a large hotel on the lakeside about twenty miles distant, amid the most beautiful surroundings, and arrangements would be made to bring the party back soon after dusk, and just in time for the return journey to London.

"The programme was entrancing, and we cheered it loudly. We sang that Sir Peter was, indeed, a 'jolly good fellow.' After lunch the technical and other scribblers who had any copy to scribble, scribbled it. Most of us hadn't any. Any tyro could turn out the necessary adjectives to apply to so normal and unchangeable a spectacle as a launch. As I have already told you, it was a saying among us that a launch *never* fails. There's just a moment of excitement lest she may stick midway, or topple over, or something like that. But it's momentary. The expected always happens, and as a matter of fact the vast majority of us had written our descriptions before leaving London, and these were already in the sub-editors' hands. We were, therefore, only too glad to get into our motors at the earliest moment possible.

"'What an ass,' I remember remarking to Graham, of the *Newsman*, 'that fellow Harverson is. He's missed the lunch: now he's missed this motor run, and the sight of some of the finest scenery in the islands!'

"A precious lot he'd find to interest him in the town, we agreed, and then abandoned ourselves to four or five hours of unbroken bliss. A fine September day in a lake and mountain country, with tea in a hotel garden overlooking the lake, plenty of good fellows with good stories. No, my dear Verrall, I don't want to think of a happier day than the day of the launch of the *Preposterous*. But, oh! the morning after! If you look in my diary for last year you'll find that date blacked out as non-existent, and if you weren't my oldest friend, seen for the first time for many years, I wouldn't speak of it even to you.

"We rejoined the steamer at seven o'clock, and proceeded straight to dinner in the saloon, which was served in the usual sumptuous fashion, and were kept going, with wine, cigars, coffee, and liqueurs until well into the night. After the dinner, as we were making for the smoking-room for a nightcap or two, we expressed our thanks to the Press manager of the company.

"You've kept us together wonderfully," I said.

"Yes. I suppose you're *all* here?"

"Yes. The only man missing is a fellow named Harverson."

"'Missing?' The Press Manager's face paled. 'Is Mr. Harverson not here with us? What is the number of his cabin? Will somebody kindly go and see if he is aboard all right?'

"The tone in which he asked the question was so strangely tremulous that I (as the principal pressman present—war correspondent, ex-Parliamentary candidate, and so on) said *I* would go. I knocked at Cabin No. 55, and got no answer. Then I opened the door. In the middle bunk lay cosily tucked up Harverson, of the *Plainspeaker*.

"'Harverson,' said I.

"The answer was a snore. As I retreated, I wondered if he always snored like that, and pitied his wife—when, if ever, a fellow like that got married. I reported to the manager that all was well, and that Harverson was aboard, and noticing with surprise the relief in his countenance, accepted his invitation for a 'night-cap.' We went on capping well into the night—or, I should say, morning—and ultimately we turned in.

"The steamer passage was about ten hours. We reached the terminus of the railway to London at about six in the morning, and London itself at nine. Harverson, I may mention, came aboard the train last of us all, looking wondrous fit and well. From our seats in the breakfast carriage we plied him with chaff at what he had missed by taking up his own standpoint to see the launch. No lunch, no motor trip, no view of the lakes, and, lastly, no dinner in the saloon, and no nightcaps!

"'Did the *Preposterous* take the water any smoother from where *you* saw her?' I asked.

"'Suppose not,' he replied, as he sipped his coffee.

"'Well, what was the idea? Suppose you know about our motor trip?' And I proceeded to put in a bit of special descriptive for his benefit.

"'Was it any better in Footlemouth?' I concluded ironically.

"'I suppose not—from the *scenery* point of view. But you see, as I have said, I'm only a news-scribbler, not a bally prince, and when I go reporting a ship-launch I just report, and don't expect banquets or even motor-trips to lakesides.'

"'Well, we shall search the *Plainspeaker* this morning for something particularly coruscating,' I said witheringly, as the rest of us laughed.

"'You'll be disappointed,' he said. 'You'll merely find a plain statement of plain fact—the sort of thing my paper specialises on, you know.'

"'Plain fact,' I said, 'about a ship-launch is a bit too damned dull for *my* paper. However——'

"Harverson, lighting a cigarette, returned to an ordinary smoking carriage when he had finished his breakfast. The rest of us travelled to London in the breakfast-car. Once again we called him a 'swanker.'

"Well, we reached London. Naturally, as a party of pressmen, the first thing we were anxious about was to get hold of our various papers and to see that our copy had got through all right, and had not been mauled about too severely by the sub-editor. When a newsboy hove in sight, we overwhelmed him. Harverson was not too 'swanky' to join the little circle, but bought a *Plainspeaker*. When I had seen my own report, which made exactly three-quarters of a column, I turned to him and asked him might I glance at his for the 'coruscation,' otherwise the brilliant special description we expected to be the result of his extreme attention to duty.

"'With pleasure,' he said, and without any trace of emotion on his face he handed me the sheet.

"I opened it at the middle page.

"'My God!' I exclaimed.

"'What is it?' cried the boys, gathering round me.

"'Look.' I held up the *Plainspeaker*, as Harverson hid his mouth with his hand and drooped his eyes.

"What we saw was, of course, the five-headlined, double-leaded exclusive to the *Plainspeaker*, in which Harverson described how, shortly after the launch, the mammoth vessel sprang a leak for'ard, and, despite the

(Continued on page 34)

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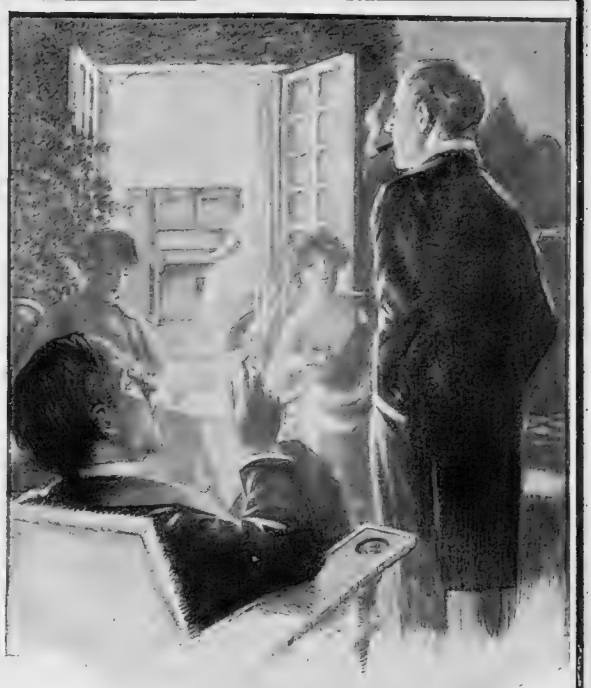

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frantic efforts of the crew to keep her afloat, sank slowly by her head. Directly the accident (which was due to a rent in one of the plates deliberately made by a Syndicalist gang among the crew, as a revenge on the company for its suppression of the strike) was detected, Sir Peter Wigglesworth thought of the Press. Irreparable damage would be done to the firm's reputation as shipbuilders if the news leaked out, and he judged that it would be possible to keep the ship afloat by persistent pumping. While the work was going on—unsuccessfully, as all the world knew next morning—Sir Peter took himself top-speed to the town, engaged the motors, and announced the outing to the lakes. The idea that one of us, Harverson, a pressman, had actually overdone his duty at the expense of a first-rate lunch, and was watching the whole thing, never occurred to him. However, there it was. Harverson saw everything there was to be seen, from the moment of the first list to the vessel's silent submersion. He found out all about it, and wired the account to London in a code which he had himself, out of the fulness of his diabolical imagination, concocted and presented to his proprietor, and which was double Dutch to anybody but the two of them. In that way the whole 'story' was kept secret, and lest any suspicion should arise, Harverson himself returned to London with us, and another *Plainspeaker* man crossed to continue the 'story' for the following day."

"So it *is* possible to keep things out of the papers?" said Verrall.

"It was. But it will never be again. The Press, confound it, is now full of Harversons."

THOMAS TATTENHAM

MATTERS MUSICAL

OLD MASTERS AND NEW PUPILS

Congratulations

THE Academy of Music may certainly be congratulated on its fine and sadly needed new premises in the Marylebone Road. Of all the public insitutions that exist to prepare the youth for the profession of music none can show a better record, and in the branches of composition and singing the Academy may claim with some justice to stand pre-eminent. But sometimes one is tempted to wonder whether these large music-factories have really proved successful. That they have at least justified their existence may be granted, for the very marked improvement in the general musical education of the country during the last few years, not to mention the great competence and adaptablity of our orchestral players, must be ascribed to their efforts.

The Unwritten Tragedy

Nevertheless, I think that their influence has, on the whole, proved more beneficial to the amateur than to the professional. Quite unconsciously no doubt, they have made the path to a musical career too easy. Their activities are, to a large extent responsible for the dead, or, at least, moribund, weight of adequate talent that crushes the vitality of our smaller concert-rooms. Oh that terrible adjective "adequate," and the poor souls we critics damn with it, year in, year out! I often wonder why nobody has ever written the tragedy of the lower ranks of the musical profession. All the stories are about the successful people, occasionally about a genius misunderstood, generally only too conscious of his own merit, but nobody has ever painted the despair of the wretch who gradually realises that neither genius nor success will ever come his way.

M. VERNON D'ARNALLE

The well-known French baritone, whose fine voice was recently heard in London at the Æolian Hall. He has sung before many Royal personages, including the German Emperor and Empress

A Bad System

Of course, I am not complaining because the majority of the pupils of the Academy and the Royal College do not happen to possess genius nor yet because the authorities do not discourage those who possess only moderate talent. Nobody is really to blame. It is the system which is at fault. The teaching of music, particularly of composition, should be intensely individual, and I do not think it is likely to be so at a large institution.

The Order of the Boot

The ideal art-training was that practised in Italy by the painters of the Renaissance. A boy was apprenticed, he mixed his master's paints, thus gradually acquiring the technique of his trade. Modern conditions have changed, of course, and it would be inept strictly to apply the principles of one art to another, but it seems to me that the nearer we can approximate to such a relation between pupil and master, the better. All modern art-teaching is over self-conscious; it lays too much emphasis on the mere imparting of knowledge—which process has, of itself, no value whatever, unless the knowledge be at the same time suitable to the pupil's development and capable of being absorbed by him. That was the great advantage of the old methods. The pupil, himself, unconsciously selected what he most needed to learn—because, when the moment came, he was expected to be competent or to make the close acquaintance of his master's boot. The alternative may seem barbarous to us to-day, but I doubt if we ever really learn anything from anybody to whom we are not prepared in a greater or less degree to pay the penalty of the boot. It symbolises, after all, a human relationship just as an imposition or a bad report symbolises a system. And that the artist has always abominated.

FRANCIS TOVE

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 4 Derby

By Leonard Willoughby

THE COUNTY CRICKET CLUB GROUND
A match in progress

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF DERBY
Alderman George Brigden, J.P.

THE impression I formed of Derby and its pastimes is that this ancient town, one of the oldest incorporated, and first mentioned in the Domes'-day Book, is by no means lacking in opportunities for almost every branch of sport known to Englishmen. The County Cricket Ground and racecourse, which are on the same ground, just outside the town and on the Nottingham Road, is a quite excellent piece of turf, and here, among other clubs, the Friars C.C. plays. This club is a most interesting one, and was formed in 1878. Consisting entirely of amateurs it has never played a professional. The club made its reputation in 1881, when its eleven made the then biggest score on record, viz., 742 runs, against Notts Gentlemen. Of this score Captain Johnstone and Mr. Barrington (Hon. Sec. of the Club) made 400 between them. Lawn tennis in Derby is popular, and there are several clubs, the chief of which are the Northern, the Ivanhoe, and Meteor. It has reached a fairly high standard, and clubs hold their own. On the Arboretum Grounds there are fifteen courts, which are always crowded.

MEMBERS OF "THE FRIARS" C.C.
Mr. Barrington, Hon. Sec., is on extreme right. The club was started in 1878, and has never played a professional

There is one specially good club, the Derby Ladies, who play on the County Cricket Ground, and there are one or two minor and school clubs. The Midland Railway Company is a somewhat prominent feature of Derby, employing some 16,000 people. Their Athletic Association has as patrons Sir Ernest Paget, Bart., and G. Murray Smith Esq., President, Sir Guy Granet, and fifty-four vice-Presidents. The very fine recreation ground, where cricket, tennis, bowls, hockey, and running take place among the 400 members is a busy place on afternoons and evenings. As regards bowls, there are 100 members, the club being affiliated with the Derbyshire County Bowling Association. The bowling club at the Arboretum has, perhaps, one of the most attractive and best grounds in England, admirably managed, and where a high standard of play is reached. Homing is very popular in Derby, and about 6,000 pigeons are kept for this purpose alone, many

ROWING ON THE DERWENT
A Derwent Rowing Club four starting from their clubhouse at Darley Grove. The figure standing with a pipe in his mouth on left of picture is the Master of Saltoun (Hon. A. Fraser), a Vice-President of the club

Sports That Are Popular in Derby

FAIR LAWN TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS ON THE ARBORETUM GROUNDS

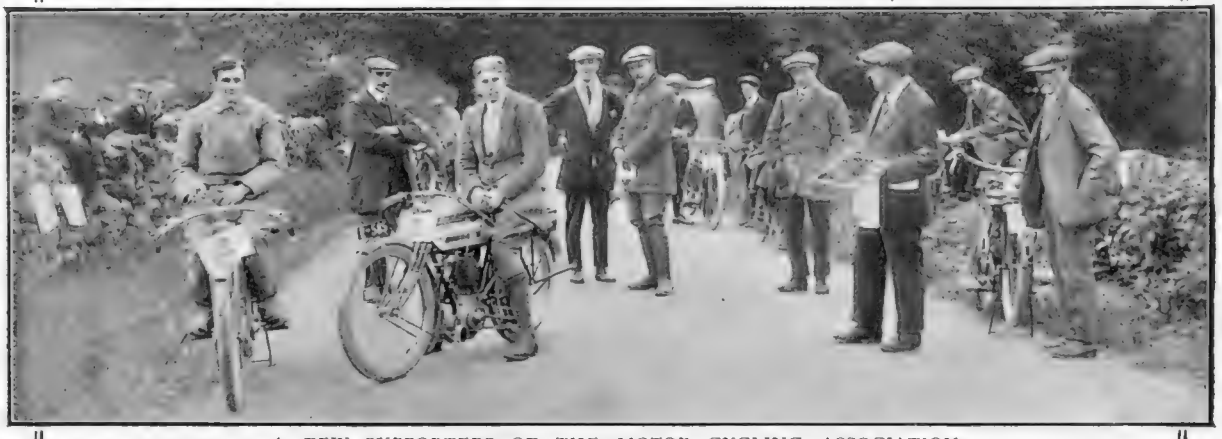
Left to right: Miss Woodward, Miss West, Miss Glass, Miss Tinkler, Miss Cholerton, Miss Abell, Miss Laurie, Mrs. Slater, Miss B. Slater, Miss Fryer, Miss Parkins, Mrs. Fryer, Miss Slater

DERBY MOTORING

Cars assembling at Oakamoor for the Inter-Club Hill-Climb. The President of the Derby club, which was formed in 1902, is Mr. F. A. Bolton, J.P.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

The two best Derbyshire runners, *(left)* H. D. Baldwin, *(right)* W. Baldwin. Both these athletes have distinguished themselves in many cross-country contests



A FEW SUPPORTERS OF THE MOTOR CYCLING ASSOCIATION

Preparing for a hill-climbing competition of the Derbyshire and North Staffordshire Automobile Club. Mr. H. Jefferson (with papers in hand) getting competitors ready to start at Oakamoor

Photographs] MEMBERS OF THE GOLF CLUB OUTSIDE THEIR CLUB-HOUSE *[Willoughby*

This all-absorbing game finds many followers in Derby and district. The club headquarters are at Markeaton, where there is an 18-hole course possessing natural hazards with sand bunkers

There is much information in the Elliman Booklets. Consider as examples—Chronic Rheumatism, Muscular Rheumatism, Sciatica, Taking Cold, Sore Throat with Hoarseness from Cold, Chronic Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Sprains, Massage; and notice the various excellent Prescriptions given in the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet, 96 pages, illustrated, enclosed with bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation, prices 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/- per bottle.
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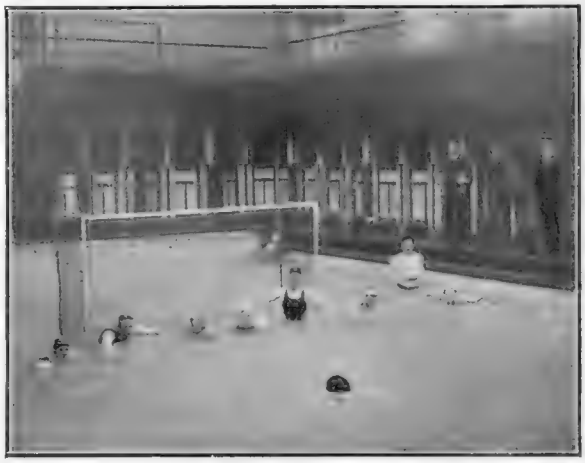
Derby and Its Pastimes—concluded

THE RACE COURSE BUILDINGS, RECENTLY ERECTED AT A COST OF £15,000

of them being taken to and liberated on the Continent and as far as Spain.

Motoring is taken up actively, there being a large organisation at Derby. In the Automobile Club of Derbyshire and North Stafford there are some 500 or 600 cars largely used for amusement in this all-beautiful county. The Derbyshire Golf Club, formed in 1892, has its headquarters at Markeaton, where there is an eighteen-hole course with natural hazards and sand bunkers. There is very good turf, and the greens are quite excellent. Nos. 2, 9, and 12 are very sporting holes, and No. 13, the longest, is 525 yards. There is a good clubhouse, with dressing and drying rooms. The President is Sir H. Raphael, M.P., the Captain Mr. Davie, and the Hon. Secretary Mr. E. Colebourn. Derby has always been associated with football, and since professionalism has dominated the game there has been a leading club in the town. Indeed, Derby town was one of the twelve clubs that originated League Football in this country twenty-five years ago. Derby is fortunate in having Mr. F. G. Wraith, the President of the Amateur Swimming Association of England, and who is Vice-President of the Derby Swimming Club. Swimming is very popular in Derby, and Derby Club have won the Midland District Junior Water Polo Championship, and were runners-up in the Senior Championship for many years.



THE WATER POLO TEAM

Swimming is popular with a representative proportion of Derby citizens. With Mr. F. G. Wraith as Vice-President, the club has done excellent work, winning the Midland District Junior Water Polo Championship, among other achievements

A FAMOUS HOMER, AGED 10

Belonging to Mr. West. It won the 8th prize for flight from San Sebastián to Derby in 3 days

Derby is undoubtedly a place for sport and pastimes in summer and winter. Clubs of all sorts are numerous, and most of them with a fair membership of keen serious players.

NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE WILL DEAL WITH
TUNBRIDGE WELLS

A GAME OF BOWLS IN PROGRESS

The Bowling Club enrols 100 members, and is affiliated with the Derbyshire County Bowling Association. Four members secured County Cups last year. The hon. secretary, Mr. Taylor, is on extreme right of picture, while Mr. P. Ellis, a prominent member, is seen "delivering his wood"

By the Silv'ry Sea.

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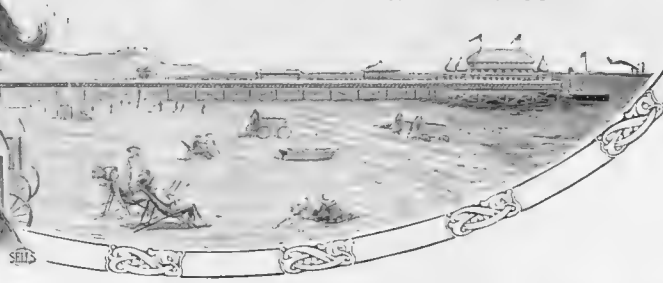

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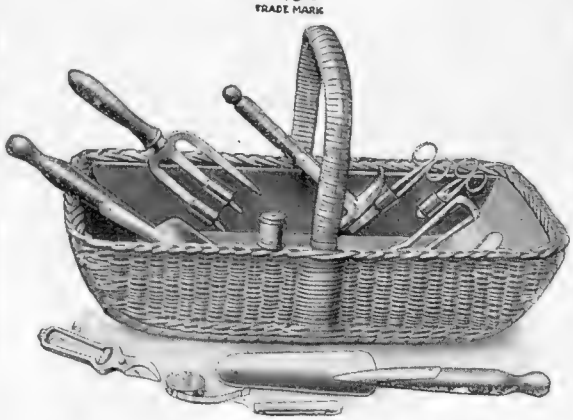

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

A Book About Ireland

It is not necessary to be a politician to be entirely ignorant about Ireland. Few of us, I fancy, know anything about that remarkable country beyond the facts that it has produced something called an Irish Theatre, which occasionally gets into hot water, that it either wants or does not want something else called Home Rule, and that it is bounded on one side by America and on the other by the Pope. I therefore recommend a truly charming book that has just been published, called *My Irish Year* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). The author, Mr. Padraic Colum, writes quite simply about that part of the country, the midland counties, where he has lived. He gives you pictures of the peasants as he found them. Nothing seems to be exaggerated, nor is there any undue hankering after the dramatic. The stories he heard are here reproduced just as they were told him. He is outspoken but unbiased. He is not entirely upon the peasants' side: he points out to them where, in his opinion, they are making mistakes. He is not a politician, and his book is not an apology for his countryman. It is just a plain picture delightfully painted in the simplest possible way.

Photograph *Mills*

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

Whose new novel, "A Health Unto His Majesty" (Hurst and Blackett: 6s.), is reviewed on this page

From Ireland to America

A week or two ago I stood at dawn on the deck of an Atlantic liner watching little groups of people disembark at Queenstown. They were returned emigrants. I knew that Irish emigration to America was great, but did not know that any of the emigrants came back. According to Mr. Padraic Colum few actually do. He puts the matter in a nutshell. "Out of forty young men and women who leave this country, thirty-eight swear at the railway stations that they are coming back. They are in earnest. One man and three women return. Thirty-six don't." One wonders why Ireland should provide so many emigrants. Mr. Colum's book explains. The girls cannot marry without a dowry, which they fetch from America. The younger sons, for reasons of caste, will not work on any but the family's farm as a common labourer. So they, too, disappear to Chicago or New York or the far-away West. For Ireland is the country where one word means more than any other—land. Mr. Colum is a poet, and his book does not hide the fact. It is intensely interesting.

Mr. McCarthy's New Novel

For his new book, *A Health Unto His Majesty* (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*), Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy goes to the small town of Breda in the days when Charles Stuart kept up the semblance of a ragged Court there, and found his food and drink as best he could. The old legend that General Monk was kidnapped and taken to the King who had no kingdom is used, and one wonders why it has never been used before. Charles is first shown surrounded by his Court, and rather more popular than usual, inasmuch as he has secured a bag of provisions by the simple process of kissing some ladies. They are a rough lot with the exception of Challis, the King's semi-Puritanical secretary. To the exiled monarch comes Colonel John Lane and Jane, his sister, with whom there had been a mild romance in the days when Charles was hiding in England. It is the Colonel who kidnaps Monk whilst on a visit into Kent, and it is Jane who discovers the truth about the traitor Challis. Monk and his King meet, and the Puritan General is given his discharge only to swear allegiance. Charles, however, wants Mistress Jane more than a kingdom; but Jane knows her duty, and so the thing ends. It is a bright little story, not particularly exciting, though written with care. It gave me the impression that Mr. McCarthy had first written a play and then made a novel of it. Perhaps he did. Perhaps, too, we shall see Lewis Waller in the part.

A Picturesque Postcard

I should have thought that by this time most people, even the booksellers, were familiar with the names of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's two novels. Both *The Passionate Elopement* and *Carnival* have found their public, not only in this country, but also in America. Indeed, *Carnival* is unquestionably the novel of the year. Yet last week I was shown an unbelievable postcard, written in London, in which the publisher was exhorted to send for exportation "One Compton Passionate Elephant" and "One Compton Caramel." Such is fame! RALPH STRAUS.

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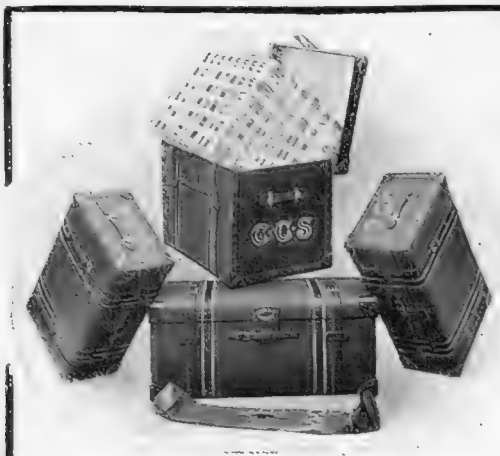

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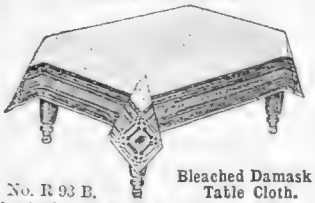

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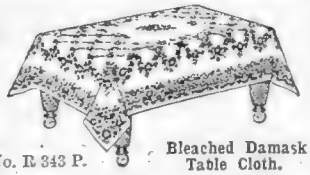

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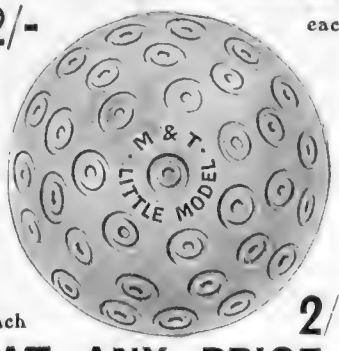

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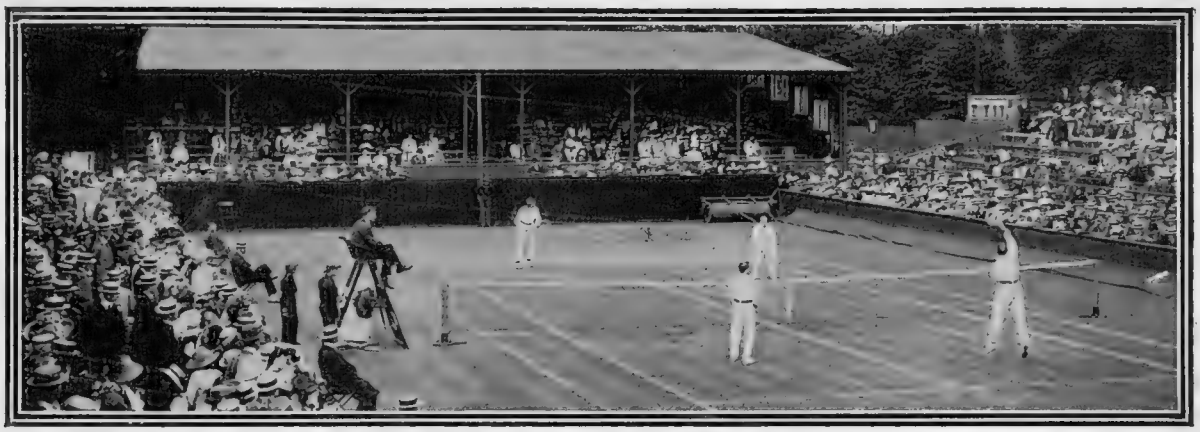


ENGLAND'S DAVIS CUP PAIR, ROPER BARRETT AND DIXON, BEATING RITCHIE AND MAVROGORDATO
By the luck of the draw, this important match in the Doubles Championship occurred early. The winners, who have been chosen to represent England against France in the Davis Cup, should, on form, figure in the Final

Wayward Weather

ON the opening day at Wimbledon history repeated itself almost to a minute. Last year rain stopped play early on the first afternoon for about two hours, and this year exactly the same thing happened. But here the comparison ends. Last year there was never another drop of rain after the Monday; this year the Tuesday was so wet that only three or four matches could be played, and since then the weather has been distinctly patchy. The result of this has been that in spite of the reduced entry the tournament is no "forrarder" at the time of writing than it was last year, and can hardly end before next Friday or Saturday. In other words, it is likely that the finals at Henley and Wimbledon will clash.

Tabloid Comments

The general impression conveyed by the play last week was that the ladies' play was supremely good, the men's play in Singles fairly good, and in Doubles distinctly moderate. I repeat that this was the general impression; there were, of course, exceptions. Mrs. Sterry, among the ladies, was quite the heroine of the week; many averred that she was playing even better than when she last won the Championship in 1910. Of the foreigners, the Frenchmen were the best. A. H. Gobert, the young French champion, has never played so well on grass before, and will soon be just as invincible (when in a winning vein) on grass as he is on wood. Decugis, too, is the same masterful player as of yore. Germany's chances were enormously discounted by Froitzheim's indisposition and consequent inability to reproduce the form which won him the World's Hard Court Championship in Paris. The other Germans, though second to none in style and dash, are not sufficiently sure. This is where the Englishmen, as usual, have scored; they are fully alive to the importance of giving nothing away.

Photograph *Trim*
A. H. GOBERT SERVING
The young Frenchman's terrific service is his most valuable asset, and wins him many aces outright. With his enormous reach he can sling it down from such a height that the striker-out has to stand right outside the court in order to return it

Some Surprises

The surprise of the week, of course, was the defeat of Dixon, whom most of the prophets, including myself, had "tipped" as the winner of the All-Comers', by Ritchie. It was his first hard match, and the result proved that the fortnight's rest from single play which he had taken before the meeting had done him harm rather than good — another proof of the difficulty we poor mortals experience in judging what is best for us. Ritchie, on the other hand, was just about at his best, and if he could have maintained that form against Barrett next day he would have beaten him; he fell a victim to Barrett's extraordinary power of preventing his opponent from playing an attacking game. Barrett is like a clever slow bowler at cricket; if you try to hit him (unless you are absolutely "set") out you go. Another upset of form was the victory of Beamish over Gordon Lowe, who had previously beaten his brother, Arthur, more or less convincingly. Beamish is, of course, a man who might beat anybody; Gordon Lowe, on the other hand, fine player though he is, requires conditions to suit him, and on Saturday the conditions did not suit him. The court on which he played was slow after rain, and it was certainly unlucky for him that his match was not one of those "billed" for the protected centre court. But a player who hopes to go through the seven rounds of the Championship must expect to strike a damp court sometime or other.

GOLF.

RAY CHAMPION AT LAST

GOLF prophets have a bad time, as a rule. Golf is an even funnier game than racing, with which my friend "Carbine" deals in such magisterial fashion. But as his successes may be having a bad effect on him I am going to pat myself on the back by calling attention to my recent tip for the Championship. [This must be the first and last time, as one tipster in the office is all we can stand.—EDITOR.] I took six men against the field, and at the end of the first day's play my six men were among the first seven, one player, Robert Thomson, having crept in among them. At the end of the second day four of my choices occupied the first four places, two only, Taylor and Massy, having failed to get into the prize ring. Speaking of Ray, the winner, I said: "Of the younger school, Ray has come on by leaps and bounds in these last few years. . . . He must be reckoned as a most likely candidate for chief honours."

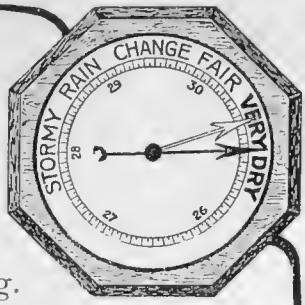
How He Won

To anyone who had kept a close eye on the doings of the leading professionals it was evident that two men, beyond any others, had been maintaining extraordinary form. These two were Ray and Vardon. At the competition at Cramond Brig, which Ray won just before the Championship in a remarkable score, Vardon was not present. When the first day's play was completed Ray and Vardon occupied the first two places, Ray leading by three strokes. In the third round the big man increased his lead by another five strokes, thus leading Vardon by eight strokes, and Braid and Duncan, the second and third men at this stage, by five and seven respectively. It is rare that a player who has led at the end of the first day still holds the lead at the end of the third round, and rarer still that he wins the Championship, having led at the completion of each of the four rounds. Ray's triumph is, therefore, one of the completest there has been in recent Championships, and marks him out decisively as the best player of the present moment. His rounds were all good. His figures, 71, 73, 76, and 75, giving an average of 73¾ per round, speak eloquently for the brilliance and steadiness of the new Champion's play. He never faltered at any moment, nor gave his backers the least uneasiness. If he made a poor stroke, as he did at rare intervals, and landed in trouble, he recovered superbly. I have always felt that he would win some day, and that he only required to settle down in the thinking and brain-work department to accomplish the feat. Some critics consider him a mere slogger without any of the refined touch which marks his great rivals. No greater mistake could be made. No player among the leaders possesses a more delicate touch in the short game. He has the power of a giant in the long game, but when it comes to the chipping, running-up, and putting, no woman possesses a finer touch than Edward Ray.

ERNEST LEHMANN

The late Sir George White (Governor of Chelsea Hospital), Sir Reginald Lane (Lieut.-Gov.), and Major Ricardo listening to "His Master's Voice" Gramophone being played to the old Chelsea Pensioners, November, 1907.

"Very Dry."



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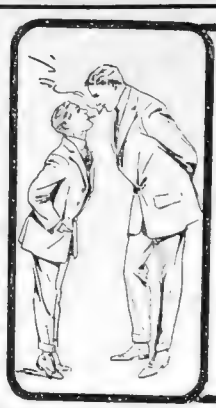

"I shall have to start carrying matches now; it's no joke getting a light from you since Arthur Girvan has increased your height!"

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RACING: Behind the Ditch. BY CARBINE

The Charm of the July Meetings

There are many worse places in this country in July than behind the Ditch at Newmarket, where the racing is attractive without being furiously exciting and the surroundings are delightfully restful. The late King loved these July gatherings, which are held not far from the stables which sheltered his horses, and King George also appreciates its charm. All being well, His Majesty is to be present during the week. The most attractive race promises to be the Princess of Wales's Stakes, in which Prince Palatine appears to dominate the situation. If you look closely into the weights, however, you will find that his task may not prove to be quite so simple as it appears to be at first glance. As the winner of the St. Leger and the Gold Cup he naturally carries a big penalty, and there are one or two three-year-olds who have such an advantage in the weights that they are likely to make him gallop. I allude more particularly to Fantasio, who displayed good staying powers at Ascot, and on that form ought to be able to make a race of it with the topweight. Still, it is usually wise to stick to a good-class animal like **Prince Palatine** until you perceive his precise limitations, and I shall look for his success. In his absence Fantasio would be my choice for the race.

Other Newmarket Events

Among the other attractive races of the week the Plantation Plate on Wednesday will bring out some good two-year-olds, of which **Chirpaway** may prove the best. **Outram** ran so well in the Royal Hunt Cup that he may win the Duke of Cambridge Handicap on the same afternoon. On the following day the July Cup may easily prove to be one of the best races of the week, for Great Surprise can be opposed by Spanish Prince and Hornet's Beauty, together with a number of high-class sprinters. I am perfectly convinced that Great Surprise is much the best short-distance performer now in training, and though I believe that he is better over five furlongs than six (the distance of the July Cup course), it is again a case of sticking to a good horse until he is beaten. I expect Mr. Rhodes's fine mover to win. On Friday the Ellesmere Stakes may be won by **Cap and Gown**, and the Princess's Plate by **Sanquhar**.

The London Cup

Newmarket does not attract the majority of London race-goers, but they will muster in very strong force at Alexandra Park on Saturday, when the chief event of the year on that quaint course, the London Cup, will be run. Last year's winner, **Merry Task**, does not appear to be badly treated, and I should not be surprised to see him repeat his success. The Maiden Plate should produce a capital race, and **Matter** may win.

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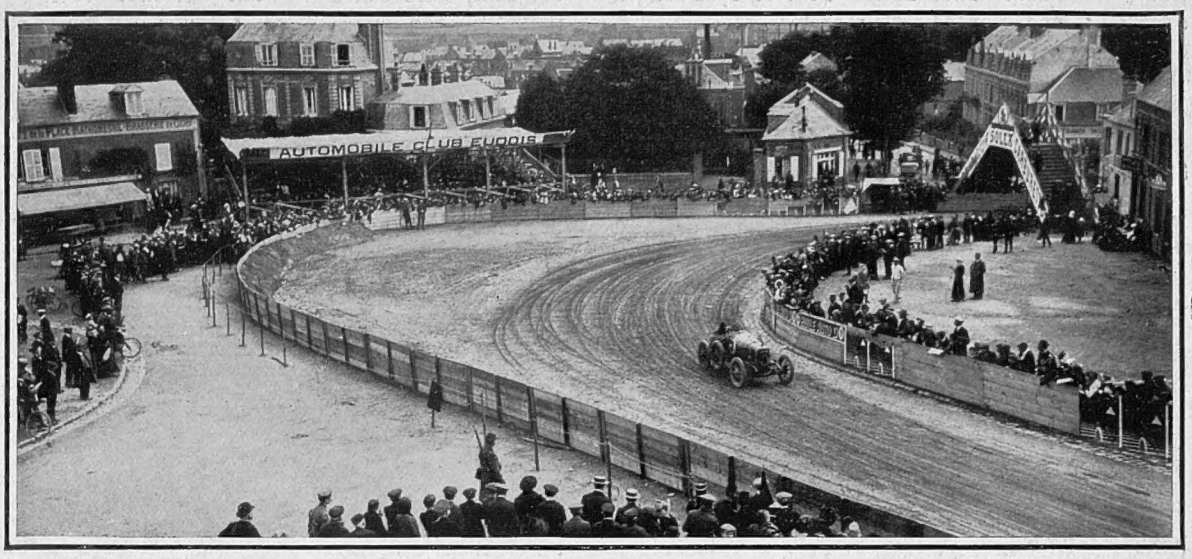


Photograph *Topical*

THE GRAND PRIX: RIGAL ON HIS SUNBEAM TURNING AT EU

Rigal was first of the British Sunbeam team which made a veritable "scoop," easily winning the Auto Cup, open to cars with engines of 3-litre capacity, in addition to the team prize open to all competitors. The average speed of the Sunbeams, which relied upon Michelin tyres, was very little lower than the average of the winner in the unlimited section, a car many times the nominal power of the Sunbeam

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

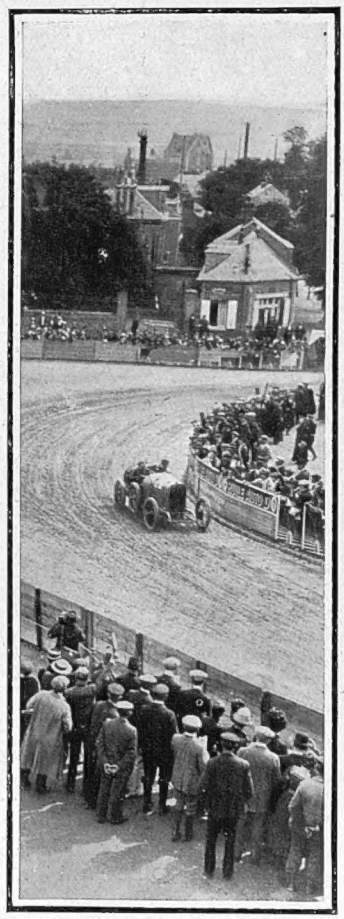
BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Superb Sunbeam

BRAVO, the Sunbeam! Splendid for the car and the firm behind it, the future before it, and the British automobile prestige its victory enhances. To average 65 m.p.h. for over 900 miles against monstrous cars of ten times its nominal power; to be beaten only by three such cars; to beat, on the other hand, more than that number of such cars; to beat every other competitor in the 3-litre class not once, but three times, and to take the team prize in addition—all that is not only splendid, but, so far as I can remember, unprecedented in the annals of British automobilism.

Grand Prix

Let me repeat here that the race was a dual affair—for the Grand Prix, which was open to cars of unlimited power, with a special prize for the best team performance, similarly open; and for the Auto Cup, limited to engines of 3-litre capacity only. The 3-litre race was, in fact, the only race that mattered from a utility point of view. A nominal 16 h.-p., or, approximately, cars of the 15.9 h.-p. class, naturally so popular in the United Kingdom, stands to-day for the average of general utility. Vehicles of 150 h.-p., or, for that matter, anything above 50 h.-p. to 60 h.-p., are, frankly, just sporting instruments run for pure pace and whatever value there may be in that for advertisement purposes. Even above 25-30 h.-p. we are practically catering for luxury only.



THE GRAND PRIX WINNER

Boillot on the big Peugeot, which averaged 68½ m.p.h. for the whole distance and won, being undoubtedly most materially assisted by the quality of the Continental Tyres used

The Swan Song of Motoring

The unconditional character of the Grand Prix regulations had, however, a double effect. It left any manufacturer who felt so disposed, free to do what he liked within a certain track breadth. That gave the apostles of pace pure and undefiled all the scope they wanted. On the other hand, it provided the opportunity for a cheek-by-jowl running test of 15 h.-p. efficiency and 15 h.-p. speed against the best that could be done in those departments by vehicles of any power and freakage. The result has, I imagine, rather staggered motoring humanity. Certainly a big car won the Grand Prix, and won finely, but of the thirteen actual big car starters only three finished in front of the little Sunbeams, who were placed third, fourth, and fifth, while an Arrol-Johnston came in tenth. Which means simply that in speed *and* in endurance there is very little to choose between a well-designed, well-tuned 3-litre machine and the machine in which power is only limited by the melting

point of metal. The Grand Prix of 1912 sang a swan song for the automobile monster.

A Duel

That is all that need be said of the argument of the Grand Prix. The rest is descriptive and general. It was, spectacularly, a fine race. On the first day, excluding the lamentable accident which resulted in the wreck of a Grégoire car, the death of Jean Bassagnana, mechanic to Louis Collinet, who was driving, and something of a free fight between the champions of the victims and they who defended the unhappy and unblamable cause of the accident — apart from these the first day gave us a spectacular tussle of Homeric proportions between Bruce Brown, the speed king of the U.S.A., driving a Fiat, and Boillot, on a big Peugeot. Tyres, particularly the tyres of the Fiat, were consumed at a gluttonous rate, and the American manner of their quick-changing compelled enthusiastic plaudits.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER

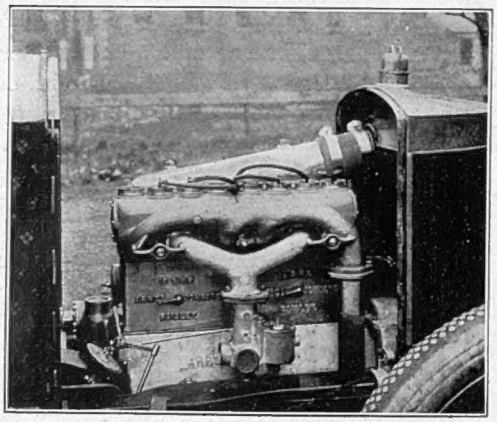
Crossman's Arrol-Johnston. The three A.-J.'s gave a sound exhibition of regular and economic running. The car driven by Wyse, which finished ninth, went right through without change of tyres at all

British Detachable Wheel

Which reminds me particularly to mention the service of the detachable wheel in this connection. The race would have been impossible apart from this perfected method of expeditious tyre handling. When I think of the five hours spent to-day (I am driving back in an old but very gallant 20-24 h.-p. Talbot, mechanically as efficient as ever and an excellent testimony to Talbot endurance and mettle), five hours consumed by tyre trouble, I begin to wonder whether the man who would set out for any considerable journey without that Rudge-Whitworth type of detachable wheel which figured so prominently at Dieppe, or the Riley, which was

THE BRITISH SINGER

A competitor in the three-litre class snapped from a bridge over the road



Standard 15.9 h.p. Engine on Arrol-Johnston Racer.

ARROL-JOHNSTON cars arrived fifth and sixth in the Coupe de l'Auto, out of FORTY entries!

OWING to the impossibility of finishing an engine specially designed for the race, three standard 15.9 h.p. Arrol-Johnstons were put in hand on June 1st, finished on June 10th, and despatched on June 11th. That these raw cars should achieve the above result is somewhat in the nature of a miracle.

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